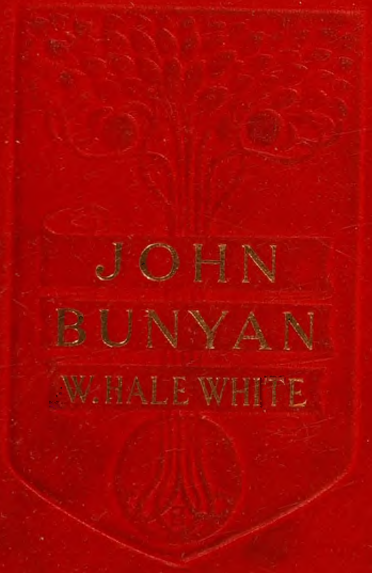
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W. HALE WHITE

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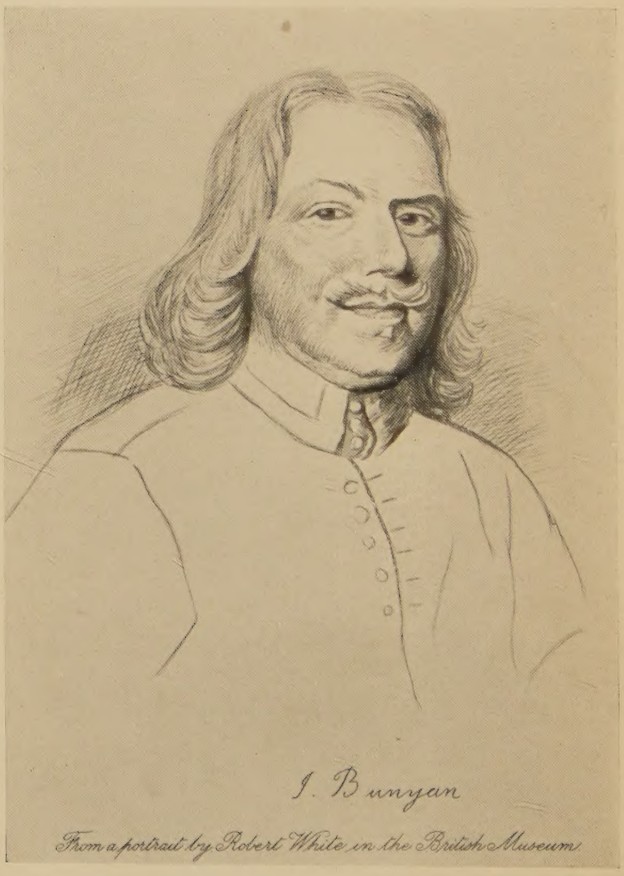

From a portrait by Robert White in the British Museum

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Literary Lives

JOHN BUNYAN

BY

W. HALE WHITE

AUTHOR OF "MARK RUTHERFORD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
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I am indebted to Dr. Brown's JOHN BUNYAN
for my knowledge of many facts of Bunyan's life.
W. H. W.

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THE LIFE AND "GRACE ABOUNDING"

An excuse may be offered for another word or two upon Bunyan. The properties of light are revealed by the object which reflects or absorbs it. We are struck with the peculiar dryness of the criticism on Shakespeare in the eighteenth century. It was dry, not because the eighteenth century was deficient in intellect, but because there was so much in Shakespeare to which it could not respond. It did not ask the questions we ask, or demand what we demand. It is peculiarly true of Bunyan that his great qualities are those of relationship which no one time or temperament can fully unfold. For more than two hundred years he has been mainly the beloved interpreter of their religion to common folk, and they would have found it difficult to express any admiration

for him which was not partly at least theological. We also in the twentieth century are thankful that Puritanism found such an expositor and preacher as Bunyan. It is an inestimable gain that a religion should obtain presentation by genius such as his. We are now, however, beginning to see that he is not altogether the representative of Puritanism, but the historian of Mansoul, and that the qualification necessary in order to understand and properly value him is not theological learning, nor in fact any kind of learning or literary skill, but the experience of life, with its hopes and fears, bright day and black night.

John Bunyan was christened on November 30, 1628, in Elstow church, and was probably born therefore on the 28th. It was a strange year. It was the year of the third Parliament of Charles the First, to which Oliver Cromwell, a young man, twenty-nine years old, had been returned as member for the town of Huntingdon, lying about twenty miles north-east of Bedford, and, like Bedford, on the Ouse. Three years before Bunyan's

birth the House of Commons had been much disturbed by the Arminianism of Richard Montagu, Rector of Stanford Rivers, and had appointed a Committee to examine his books. The King supported him, and in 1628 made him Bishop of Chichester. Probably he would not have escaped if Parliament had not been dissolved in March, 1629; for, singular as it may now appear to us, the English squire in the first half of the seventeenth century held that it was all important to a man whether he believed in Free Grace or Election. 1628 was the year of the Petition of Right when, after a message from the King forbidding the House to "lay any scandal or aspersion upon the State, Government, or ministers thereof," it was so profoundly excited that sobs and tears burst out on every bench. Old Coke, of all men in the world, wept, and, after trying to speak, was obliged to sit down, unable through emotion to say a word. It was a time in every way inconceivable to us now, and it is farther off from us in reality than the age of Julius Caesar.

The place of Bunyan's birth, although in Elstow parish, was almost certainly not in the village, but in a cottage close to Harrowden and the old coach road from Bedford to London. Elstow and the town of Bedford have greatly changed since 1628, and the change in Bedford has been more rapid during the last sixty years than at any previous period of its history. Sixty years ago there were many houses to be seen which must have been standing in Bunyan's day: the Ouse was still liable to great floods like those which swept away the town gaol on the bridge in 1671, and the borough contained only about 10,000 inhabitants. The country around, however, cannot have changed. Bedfordshire towards the north-west is diversified and beautiful. The river all the way from Kempston to the borders of Buckinghamshire, through Bromham, Oakley, Milton and Harrold wanders through lovely meadows, often turning, after a course of miles, almost back on itself in order to get through the low hills, but near Bedford and Elstow the land is flat, bare,

and to most people uninteresting. Nevertheless it has its merits; a wide sky overhangs it, it is not intrusive, demanding admiration, and it is quiet.

It is worth recording for the benefit of persons who attach importance to such things that the Bunyans, although always humble folk, were an old family, that they were in Bedfordshire in 1199, and that the name is probably of French origin. Of Bunyan's mother hardly anything is known, and the father was a brasier or tinker. The *Grace Abounding* tells us that he put his son to school and, according to Mr. Froude, it was the Bedford Grammar School. His authority is the lines in the *Scriptural Poems*—

> For I'm no poet, nor a poet's son,
> But a mechanick guided by no rule,
> But what I gained in a grammar school,
> In my minority.

There is external evidence that the *Scriptural Poems* are not Bunyan's, and the internal evidence

is almost conclusive. Besides, if the boy went to the Bedford Grammar School he must have lodged in the town. Harrowden is nearly two miles distant, and Elstow about a mile and a half—too far away for a little child in all weathers, winter and summer, through seventeenth-century mud. The *Epistle to the Reader* prefixed to the *Doctrine of the Law and Grace Unfolded* says, "I never went to school, to Aristotle and Plato, but was brought up at my father's house, in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen." Nor is there anything in Bunyan's writings which shows any trace of a grammar school. His English has been a puzzle to some, but it is easy to see whence it comes. If we take the first 300 words, not of one of his theological treatises, but of his *Relation of the Imprisonment,* excluding proper names, there are only five which are not in the Authorized Version, and these are "aforesaid," "warrant," "Bibles," "constable," "coward"—all of them words in commonest use, and the first is biblical if we

divide it.[1] The language of our translation of the Bible is, in fact, sufficient for nearly everything, excluding science, that a human being need know or can feel.

It was probably in the year 1644 that Bunyan became a soldier. He does not say which side he took, and Mr. Froude supposes he was Royalist. But in 1896 the muster rolls of the Newport Pagnell garrison were found and the name of "John Bunion" appears on them from November 30, 1644, to June 17, 1647.[2] Part of the Newport garrison was present at the siege of Leicester by the King's army in the summer of 1645, and Carlyle therefore is most likely right when he says, "John Bunyan, I believe, is this night (June 14, 1645) in Leicester—not yet writing his *Pilgrim's Progress* on paper, but acting it on the face of the earth, with a brown matchlock

[1] He often quotes from the Genevan version. It was not at once superseded by the Authorized Version, for six editions of it were published between 1611 and 1621.

[2] Brown's *Life*. Edition 1902, i. 44–5.

on his shoulder, or rather *without* the matchlock, just at present; Leicester and he having been taken the other day."[1] When he was discharged he came to Elstow, where about 1649 he married his first wife. Of her we know little or nothing, excepting that she died in 1655 and was the mother of four of Bunyan's children.

The *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* was not published till 1666, but as it contains a record of Bunyan's early life we pass on to it now. It was written in prison. It is a terrible story of the mental struggle of a man of genius of a peculiarly nervous and almost hypochondriacal temperament; whose sufferings, although they are intertwisted with Puritanism, have roots which lie deep in our common nature. Bunyan's object in writing it was not the pleasure of self-analysis, but to strengthen those of his friends who had suffered his temptations. "I have sent you here"—this is his message in the Preface—"a drop of that honey that I have taken out

[1] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, p. 215, edition 1845.

of the carcass of a lion. Temptations, when we meet them at first, are as the lion that roared upon Samson; but if we overcome them, the next time we see them, we shall find a nest of honey within them. The Philistines understood me not. . . . I can remember my fears and doubts and sad months with comfort; they are as the head of Goliah in my hand." This noble image is an instance, not only of Bunyan's poetical gift, but of the way in which the Bible serves to add depth to his experiences and to give them utterance.

The *Grace Abounding* is in Bunyan's best manner. "I could also," he says, "have stepped into a style much higher than this in which I have here discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do; but I dare not. God did not play in convincing of me; the Devil did not play in tempting of me; neither did I play when I sunk as into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell caught hold upon me: wherefore I may not play in my relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay

down the thing as it was." Up to the time of his marriage he was a ringleader "in all manner of vice and ungodliness," but unchastity was not one of his sins. He was charged with it in later life by his enemies, and he repelled the accusation with almost savage fierceness. "These things make them ripe for damnation that are the authors and abettors." He denies that there is any woman in heaven, or earth or hell, that can say I have "at any time, in any place, by day or night, so much as attempted to be naught with them." ". . . If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged by the neck till they be dead, JOHN BUNYAN, the object of their envy, would be still alive and well. I know not whether there be such a thing as a woman breathing under the copes of the whole Heaven, but by their apparel, their children, or by common fame, except my wife." This is a remarkable fact, considering his temperament. Neither was he a drunkard. The crimes he confesses are "cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name

of God." It is difficult to make out exactly what he was in his early years, for his religion after his conversion turned all wrong-doing of every degree into a transgression inexpiable, save by the tremendous sacrifice of the Son of God. Southey calls him a blackguard; but a blackguard who was not loose with women, who did not drink, and whose spirit trembled when he saw wicked things done "by those who professed goodness" could not have been the blackguard of to-day. Bunyan must have been original even when he was unregenerate. As a child he was afflicted with fearful dreams "of devils and wicked spirits." "In the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet I could not let go my sins." His proneness to strong language and swearing is a line in his portrait which is significant. One day as he "was standing at a neighbour's shop window and there cursing and swearing and playing the madman," he was reproved

by the woman of the house, "though she was a very loose and ungodly wretch," and he suddenly left off this evil habit, and reports, "Now, I could, without it, speak better and with more pleasantness than ever I could before."

After his marriage his outward conduct improved and he became what we now call "respectable." He went to church twice a day, he "adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (both the High place, Priest, Clerk, Vestment, Service and what else) belonging to the Church." Southey says, and is followed by Canon Venables, that the services in Elstow church were those prescribed by the General Assembly in 1643, but Bunyan's description can only apply to Anglican ritual, and, as Dr. Brown points out, the vicar of Elstow, Christopher Hall, was appointed under Laud and remained vicar four years after the Restoration and two years after the Act of Uniformity. The probability is that the imposition of the General Assembly's Directory was not very strict. Bunyan declares

that at this time he was nothing but a "poor painted hypocrite." If this be true the hypocrisy must have been thin and penetrable. A voice from heaven darted into his soul while he was playing cat, and warned him that above Elstow Green was heaven and beneath there was hell. He fancied bell-ringing to be vanity—perhaps his companions were not what they should have been —and yet, although he durst not ring, he hankered so that he could not resist looking on. He then was struck with dread that a bell might fall and kill him. When he moved outside he feared the steeple might come down on him, and he was at last so shaken that he was forced to flee. He left off dancing and "had great peace in his conscience. . . . God cannot choose but now be pleased with me," he said to himself; "yea, to relate it in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I. But poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein,

had not God, in mercy, showed me more of my state by nature." God showed it to him in mercy by three or four poor women whom he heard talking as they sat in the sun about a New Birth, the work of God in their hearts. "They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart, of their unbelief; and did contemn, slight, and abhor their own righteousness as filthy and insufficient to do them any good." Bunyan was wrought into a "very great softness and tenderness of heart," and precisely at this dangerous moment, under the full influence of the new revelation that by faith we are justified, he came in contact with the Ranters. But although he was excitable and at times on the verge of madness, and although he was just passing from "under the Law," no tendency to Antinomianism developed itself in him. He was securely weighted with unshifting ballast, the ballast of common sense. The portrait by White is that of an enthusiast, but of an enthusiast with something of the wisdom of Bacon and the strength of Cromwell. The Ranters con-

demned him as "legal and dark." He blesses God, "who put it into my heart to cry to Him to be kept and directed, still distrusting mine own wisdom; for I have since seen even the effect of that prayer, in His preserving me, not only from Ranting errors, but from those also that have sprung up since."

God had now touched his heart and he had embarked on his voyage, but he encountered fearful storms before he reached the Blessed Land. He says, "I was tossed betwixt the Devil and my own ignorance." His ignorance no doubt had something to do with the form which his temptations took. He did not understand, for example, the meaning of the word "faith," and doubted whether he possessed it. The Devil "came in with his delusion," seen to be a delusion in 1666, that faith was a power to work miracles, and on the road between Elstow and Bedford he was almost persuaded by the Infernal Enemy to command the puddles in the horsepads to be dry and the dry places to be puddles. But

although a skilled Biblical scholar treating him tenderly might have helped him much, his trouble did not really proceed from texts. If texts had caused it, the *Grace Abounding* would not now be alive, pulsating with blood, but dead as a Body of Divinity.

He was "afflicted and disquieted," nay more, "was drawn to his wits' end" by Election and Predestination. It may be said without much exaggeration that if a man has not at some time in his life been driven wellnigh to his wits' end by these mysteries or something like them, he lacks that which is necessary to make him a philosopher or perhaps religious. Bunyan does not tell us how he solved the problem. In the *Doctrine of the Law and Grace Unfolded,* published in 1659, he is disposed to turn away from it. He learned probably that here,

> . . . all labour
> Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
> Itself with strength,

and that we have to live without the solution.

Photo Mrs. Delves, Broughton.

The Old Bridge, Bedford.

He was also tempted by Satan, by his own heart and carnal acquaintance to go back to his old way of life, but a vision had been revealed to him of that which was sufficient to prevent a relapse at least into worldliness. A "sound sense of death and of the Day of Judgment abode as it were continually in his view." Nevertheless, what he calls his "original and inward pollution" was such a "plague and affliction" to him that he was convinced "none but the Devil himself could equalize him for inward wickedness and pollution of mind," and that his damnation was certain. Few people would now carry the doctrine of original sin so far. There is not probably a Christian minister living who would not have admitted Bunyan at this time to membership of the Church of Christ.

His awful doubts and fears were not shared by others, not even by "the people of God." "They would pity me and would tell me of the Promises." The "people of God" at Bedford believed in their Calvinism, but they sat in their

shops and quietly went about their business untroubled by their creed.

Some of the attacks of the Devil were made with modern weapons. "Every one doth think his own religion rightest, both Jews and Moors and Pagans! and how if all our faith, and Christ and Scriptures, should be but a Think-so too?" He had no arguments with which to encounter these suggestions, "only," he says, "by the distaste that they gave unto my spirit, I felt there was something in me which refused to embrace them." "Of all the temptations that ever I met with in my life," he adds later on in the *Conclusion,* "to question the Being of God and the Truth of His Gospel is the worst, and the worst to be borne. When this temptation comes it takes away my girdle from me and removeth the Foundation from under me."

His account of the horrors which beset him reminds us of the fiends in Dürer's *Knight,* and even in its theological dialect it is so close to experience that it is often impossible to read it with-

out shuddering. Shocking blasphemies rose to his lips and he thought that if he uttered them he should be lost. "This temptation did put me to such scares, lest I should at some times, I say, consent thereto, and be overcome therewith, that by the very force of my mind, in labouring to gainsay and resist this wickedness, my very body also would be put into action or motion by way of pushing or thrusting with my hands or elbows." At last the fatal words were spoken. The ingenuity of the great Accuser was infernal. The poor wretch was encouraged for the moment by the promise, "All manner of sins and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, wherewithsoever they shall blaspheme," but the following verse excepted the sin against the Holy Ghost, and this was the sin which the Enemy told him he had committed. For two years, with intermittent relief, he lay prostrate under this conviction. The "masterless hell-hounds" were now and then quieted, but not by anything which we should call reasoning. Once they were "commanded a

silence" by a word from God, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh," "a chide to my proneness to desperation; a kind of threatening me if I did not, notwithstanding my sins and the heinousness of them, venture my salvation upon the Son of God." It was so distinctly heard, so unexpected, that Bunyan evidently thought it was a miracle. "But as to my determining about this strange dispensation, what it was I knew not: or from whence it came I know not; I have not yet in twenty years' time, been able to make a judgment of it; I thought then what here I shall be loth to speak. But verily, that sudden rushing wind was as if an Angel had come upon me; but both it and the salutation I will leave until the Day of Judgment; only this I say, it commanded a great calm in my soul." A calm only for a short season. The waves and the billows again went over him. He had what are called "friends," and sought their help. He broke his mind to an "ancient Christian." "I told him also that I was afraid that I had sinned the sin

against the Holy Ghost; and he told me *he thought so too.* Here, therefore, I had but cold comfort; but, talking a little more with him, I found him, though a good man, a stranger to much combat with the Devil."

The use which Bunyan made of detached and irrelevant Scriptures seems to us absurd. The tenth chapter of Daniel contains one of the prophet's visions concerning the future of Israel—"Now I am come to make thee understand what shall befall thy people in the latter days, for yet the vision is for many days." Bunyan actually laid hold of these last three words as a "discouragement," yet as a "help and refreshment" because he had feared his condition might be eternal. So also the passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews about Esau, "For ye know, how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears," did "seize upon my soul" and "lie all day long, all the week long, yea, all the year long

in my mind, and hold me down, so that I could by no means lift up myself." Sometimes the texts are more to the point. The symbolism of many of the stories in the Bible is natural and not arbitrary or accidental. They are the vesture of ideas. For example, Bunyan found "the greatest comfort" in the appointment of the Cities of Refuge—"And if the avenger of blood pursue after him (the slayer), then they (the elders) shall not deliver the slayer up into his hand, because he smote his neighbour unwittingly, and hated him not beforetime." The fact becomes a similitude, which is not external, but inward, for the Cities of Refuge were founded by that same Divine Mercy to which we look for pity and aid. "I hated Him (his Lord) not aforetime"—we can see the tears in his eyes—"no, I prayed unto Him, was tender of sinning against Him. . . . wherefore I thought I had a right to enter this City."

For a short time longer the contest continued. Esau would not leave him entirely, but when he

was most sad and fearful the promise broke in upon him, "My grace is sufficient for thee," three times repeated, and it was "as though I had seen the Lord Jesus look down from Heaven through the tiles upon me, and direct these words unto me." Soon afterwards he could rejoice—"Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed: I was loosed from my affliction and irons; my temptations also fled away; so that from that time, those dreadful Scriptures of God left off to trouble me; now went I also home rejoicing for the grace and love of God." He found his peace in the deepest mysticism of Saint Paul. "I saw that the Man Christ Jesus, as He is distinct from us, as touching His bodily presence, so He is our Righteousness and Sanctification before God. Here, therefore, I lived for some time, very sweetly at peace with God through Christ. Oh, methought, Christ! Christ! there was nothing but Christ that was before my eyes; I was not now only for looking upon this and the other benefits of Christ apart, as of His blood, burial or resurrection,

but considered Him as a whole Christ; as He in whom all these, and all other His virtues, relations, offices and operations met together, and that, as He sat on the right hand of God in Heaven. . . . Had I had a thousand gallons of blood within my veins, I could freely then have spilt it all at the command and feet of this My Lord and Saviour." Atheism disappeared finally, not, as before noticed, by proofs, but because "God and Christ were continually before my face." He was able, thrice-blessed acquisition! "often in his greatest agonies even to flounce towards the Promise (as the horses do towards sound ground that yet stick in the mire)," and often "could scarce lie in bed for joy and peace and triumph through Christ." [1]

[1] The date of relief is fixed by the *Doctrine of the Law and Grace Unfolded.* "But at the last, as I may say, when the set time was come, the Lord, just before the men called Quakers came into the country, did set me down so blessedly in the truth of the doctrine of Jesus Christ." The Quakers came into Bedfordshire in 1654. Bunyan was received into the Bedford Church in 1653.

It is remarkable that the conflict, although not quite concluded, was not dangerous during the confinement of prison life, but after 1654 Bunyan, even during his imprisonment, was so busy that the Devil found no opportunity for another serious attack.

The Creator gets the appointed task out of his servants in many ways. It is sufficient to give some of them love, sunrises and sunsets and primrose woods in spring: others have to be scourged with bloody whips or driven nearly mad by dreams, sleeping and waking, before they do what God has determined for them. Unless Bunyan, like Job, had been so terrified with visions that his soul would have chosen "strangling and death" rather than life, the *Pilgrim's Progress* would not have been written. His genius by desperate effort and divine help was able to retain its supremacy, and yet it owed much to that which it strove to suppress. His sufferings have been attributed in part to what we call "physical causes." "I was often, when I have been walk-

ing, ready to sink where I went, with faintness in my mind. . . . I felt also such a clogging and heat at my stomach, by reason of this my terror, that I was, especially at some times, as if my breast bone would have split asunder." The distinction between physical and spiritual does not help us much. Bunyan may have been troubled with indigestion, but this malady does not always beget terror of sin and the struggles of *Grace Abounding*. We may say of men like Bunyan that it is not their strength taken by itself which makes them remarkable and precious, but rather the conflict of strength and weakness. When God adds He subtracts; when He subtracts He adds. He plunges them into despair and then provides them with faith whereby they may get the better of it. He breaks them down and then lifts them up even so that they see the Lord Jesus looking "through the tiles" upon them. It is strange, by the way, that Johnson resembled Bunyan. His spectres haunted Johnson, and the *History of my Melancholy*, which he once thought

of writing but never dared to write, would undoubtedly have reminded us of another history by the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* which he loved so well. "You seem, sir," said Mrs. Adams to Johnson, "to forget the merits of our Redeemer." "Madam," he replied, "I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer; but my Redeemer has said that He will set some on His right hand and some on His left." "He was in gloomy agitation," adds Boswell, "and said, 'I'll have no more on't.'"

In 1650 John Gifford was appointed minister at Bedford, and Bunyan became his friend. Gifford was originally an officer in the King's army. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Maidstone in 1648, condemned to death, saved by his sister, who visited him in prison, and after lying in the bottom of a ditch for three days he came to London and then to Bedford, where he practised physic, "but abode still very vile and debauched in life, being a great drinker, gamester, swearer." One night, having lost heavily, it put

him into a rage, and he thought many "desperate thoughts against God. But while he was looking into one of Mr. Bolton's books something therein took hold upon him and brought him into a great sense of sin, wherein he continued for the space of a month or above. But at last God did so plentifully discover to him by His word the forgiveness of his sins for the sake of Jesus Christ that (as he hath by several of the brethren been heard to say) all his life after, which was about the space of five years, he lost not the light of God's countenance—no, not for an hour, save only about two days before he died." [1] "The godly" were at first "in a stand at the case," but in 1650 he was unanimously chosen pastor or elder "to dispense the mysteries of the gospel." In less than two years after "the very vile and debauched" stage he was a changed man, and never took to his vicious habits again. Fear of hell-fire is our lazy, stupid comment. It does not occur to us

[1] *Church Record.* Brown's *Life of John Bunyan*, p. 83, edition 1885.

that there is any need to explain why at a certain moment the drinking, swearing, gaming, ex-major should see the flames he had never seen before. It would be interesting to learn what his ungodly companions in Bedford had to say about it! We would give much to have watched ex-Major Gifford taking his afternoon walk up the High Street, and to have heard what passed when they met him.

"Gifford did much," says Bunyan, "for my stability. . . . "He would bid us take special heed that we took not up any truth upon trust, as from this or that, or any other man or men, but to cry mightily to God that He would convince us of the reality thereof, and set us down therein, by His own Spirit in the Holy Word." About 1655 Bunyan removed from Elstow to Bedford, and in the same year his wife died. Gifford also died in 1655, and was succeeded by John Burton. About 1655 Bunyan began to preach in the villages round Bedford, the church, after fasting and solemn prayer to the Lord, hav-

ing called him to the work. From the first he drew crowds of people to listen to him. The Tempter did not entirely leave him, although he had become a public servant of God. He was now and then violently assaulted by hellish suggestions, and could hardly close his teeth and lips against them even in the pulpit. Grace abounding supported him. "I went," as he says in *A Brief Account of the Author's Call to the Work of the Ministry,* "myself in chains to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my own conscience that I persuaded them to beware of."

In 1656, when he was twenty-nine years old, Bunyan published his first book, *Some Gospel Truths Opened.* The Quakers had appeared at Bedford, and he thought their teaching dangerous. They substituted, so he affirms, the authority of an inner light for that of the Scriptures. One of George Fox's friends, Edward Burrough, who died in the pestilential felon's dungeon in Newgate in 1662, replied in *The True Faith of the Gospel of Peace.* This was followed by Bun-

yan's *Vindication,* and this again by Burrough's *Truth the Strongest of All.* The violence on both sides is distressing. Bunyan's methods are repulsive. Texts are hurled like stones; the context is disregarded, and any meaning which for the moment may be convenient is given to metaphor. The Quakers are the greatest enemies to the Christ of any men under heaven, "the notablest liars and corrupters of the sayings of the people of God, yea, and of the Scriptures also, that ever I came near in all the days of my life," and they will be cut asunder; their portion will be with the hypocrites, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. The misunderstanding of the Quaker doctrine looks as if it must be wilful. They are classed with the mad, obscene Ranters, whom George Fox denounced most fervently.[1] "They

[1] Offor quotes an Act of Parliament passed against them in 1650. It sentenced to imprisonment and transportation those who asserted they were God, or that crimes like murder and incest were lawful. Bunyan had real cause for alarm, but he ought not to have used the sins of the Ranters as a weapon against the Friends.

had," he says in his *Journal,* " disturbed our meetings much." One of them at Southampton Market Cross publicly boasted of a lewd act he had committed, whereupon Fox warned them that the plagues and judgments of God would overtake them, and he records with something like satisfaction that this particular offender hanged himself. Burrough also had prophesied against them as early as 1655. Burrough's abuse of Bunyan was more scurrilous than Bunyan's of Burrough. He had joined the army of Magog; his king was the Prince of Darkness, he was of the seed of Cain, whose line reached to the murdering priests. There were few real points of difference between these good men, and they ought to have seen that for the most part their quarrel was a mere misunderstanding. Burrough, in his *Standard Lifted Up,* says, " The Word of God, which was in the beginning, and which endures for ever, is not the Scripture, which was not in the beginning, neither can it endure for ever, but the Scripture testifies of that Word, and that Word witnesses to the

Photo Mrs. Delves, Broughton. From a Painting.

The House in Which Bunyan Lived, St. Cuthbert's Street, Bedford.

Scripture." His explanation of the Fall in his *Discovery of Divine Mysteries* is that man fell because he "desired to be, and became to be something of himself without God; and he spoke of himself, and acted of himself, without the Power and Life, and also contrary to the Power and Life of the Creator, being separated from it and become a distinct being of himself." If the two angry controversialists could have met and talked quietly to one another, Bunyan would have agreed with Burrough, and he with Bunyan. Controversy, particularly in religious matters, always brings out the bad side of those who engage in it, especially bitterness, which is all the worse because it is insincere. It is not love of the truth which stirs our wrath.

In 1658, under the Commonwealth, Bunyan was indicted for preaching, although the prosecution does not seem to have been taken in hand very seriously. He was not an approved preacher under an Act of 1648 directed against Baptists and also against those heretics who assert "that

man is bound to believe no more than by his reason he can comprehend."[1] In 1659 he was married to his second wife, Elizabeth, of whom little is known except that she was pious and brave, as we shall see presently.

In May 1660 came the Restoration, and in the same year the Bedford congregation were turned out of Saint John's Church. To the living of this Church Gifford had been presented by the patrons, the Mayor and Corporation of the town, under Cromwell's Ordinance admitting to benefices men who had the root of the matter in them, although they might not be Episcopalian. In November 1660 Bunyan went to conduct a service at Lower Samsell, a small village not far from the Harlington station on the present Midland main line, where the level land of Bedford has risen considerably towards the chalk hills. A justice of the peace, Mr. Francis Wingate,[2] hav-

[1] *Offor's Memoir*, etc., i. XLI.

[2] One of the oldest families in Bedfordshire. William Wyngate, of Sharpenhoe, was in the retinue of Henry V. when he

ing heard that the meeting was to be held, issued a warrant to arrest the preacher. He was taken before Wingate and the Vicar of Harlington, Dr. Tindall. The statutes which authorized the warrant were passed in Elizabeth's reign, and the last imposed the penalty of imprisonment on those who frequented conventicles. After some wrangling the mittimus was made out, and Bunyan was sent to the county gaol at Bedford, there to await his trial at quarter sessions. In about seven or eight weeks he was indicted. His judges, following the example of their brethren who committed him, did not state the law, but fell to argument on extempore prayer and unauthorized preaching. Bunyan replied and quoted the text, "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another." Justice Keeling desired to "open that Scripture," and interpreted it to mean that as every one hath received a trade, so let him follow it, adding, "if any

first went to France.—Sir Harris Nicolas' *History of the Battle of Agincourt*, p. 386.

man have received a gift of tinkering, as thou hast done, let him follow his tinkering." The sentence was imprisonment for three months; if at the end of that time he did not go to church and leave off preaching, he was to be banished the realm, and if found within the realm after the day appointed him to be gone, he would be hung.

The three months expired on April 3, 1661, and Bunyan was not released, but was visited by Mr. Cobb, Clerk of the Peace, who was evidently a kind-hearted man, anxious to save his neighbour from further punishment. He came by order of the justices to discover if Bunyan would submit. In January of that year there had been an insurrection in London of the Fifth-monarchy men under Venner, the same Venner who had plotted against Cromwell. Their object was to destroy all "carnal sovereignty" and set up a kingdom of Christ. There was a sharp engagement between them and the Royal troops in the City and Venner was taken, hanged and quartered. The

magistrates, fearing the consequences of Bunyan's release, may have been unwilling for his own sake to set him at liberty unconditionally. The Government most likely would not draw fine distinctions, and would consider all disobedient sectaries as dangerous. Cobb referred to the statute of Elizabeth and put the plain question, which Bunyan found it difficult to answer, by what right he claimed exemption from the law of the land in which he lived. His reply was that it was not aimed at persons like himself, who did not design the overthrow of the State, but merely to teach the religious doctrines which they believed to be true. Cobb's retort, legally unassailable, was that the Act of Parliament was clear, and that if it was permitted to go behind its express terms, every kind of pretext for disloyalty must be allowed. "Every one will say the same: you see the late insurrections at London, under what glorious pretences they went; and yet, indeed, they intended no less than the ruin of the kingdom and the commonwealth." Bunyan tried to argue

his case on its merits. "If I may do good to one by my discourse, why may I not do good to two? and if to two, why not to four, and so to eight? etc." This logic was not quite worthy of him, and the lawyer promptly crushed it. "Ay, and to a hundred, I warrant you." At last Bunyan put his feet upon the rock. "Where I cannot obey actively, there I am willing to lie down, and to suffer what they shall do unto me." At this Mr. Cobb "sat still," and after Bunyan had thanked him "for his civil and meek discoursing" they parted. "O that we might meet in heaven!" are the characteristic concluding words of Bunyan's account of the interview. Cobb "sat still," a wise Cobb. "You are bound," says society, "to conform to our rules. Men cannot live in civilized communities if individual rights and opinions are not to be sacrificed to those of the majority." "I cannot dispute the point with you," replies the heretic. "You must hang me or shoot me." Society is right, and the heretic is right, and further debate is mere logomachy.

Bunyan remained in prison quite illegally, but mercifully both for himself and for posterity. If he had been set free, he might have been transported or hung or have spent himself in preaching, and we should have had no *Pilgrim's Progress*. At the assizes in August 1661 his wife Elizabeth petitioned the Judges on his behalf, but in vain. She had been to London and had seen a lord whom she calls "Barkwood," and was told that the House of Lords could do nothing for her, and that her husband's release was committed to the Judges. Hale, at that time Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, treated her very tenderly, but was obliged to inform her that she must either apply to the King for pardon or sue out a writ of error. Judge Twisdon and the magistrates present were abusive. Between these assizes and those which followed six months afterwards in the spring of 1662 Bunyan was allowed much liberty. He was permitted to preach, and even to go to London, but when his enemies heard of it they were so angry that the keeper of the

gaol wellnigh lost his place. In 1666 Bunyan was released for a few weeks, but again arrested and imprisoned till 1672. Concerning the hardships he endured there has been much controversy. Dr. Brown is most likely right when he says that they varied with the gaolers. For seven years at the beginning of his confinement his name is not found in the records of the church, but afterwards it appears occasionally. The bare fact that he was shut up in a seventeenth century prison in which a hundred years later, when it could not have been worse, gaol fever broke out, killing many of the inmates as well as the doctor and people outside, is surely sufficient to convince us that he must have endured much misery. He occupied his time in making long tagged laces for the support of his family and in writing. During his imprisonment the Act of Uniformity, the Conventicle Act, and the Five Mile Act were passed. Under clauses in the Act of Uniformity, which were re-enacted by reference from older Acts, forfeiture of goods and chattels and im-

prisonment for life were decreed as punishment for the third offence "of declaring or speaking anything in the derogation, depraving or despising of the Book of Common Prayer, or of anything therein contained, or any part thereof," and attendance at the parish church became compulsory. The Conventicle Act provided that, wherever five persons above those of the same household should assemble in a religious congregation, every one of them should be liable for the first offence to be imprisoned three months, or pay five pounds, for the second to be imprisoned six months or pay ten pounds, and for the third to pay a hundred pounds or be transported for seven years. The Five Mile Act prohibited a dissenting teacher, who had not subscribed the declaration required by the Act of Uniformity promising unqualified passive obedience to the King and conformity to the Church of England, from coming, except in travelling, within five miles of any corporate town sending members to Parliament, or of any place where he had for-

merly preached. The penalty was a fine of forty pounds and six months imprisonment. In 1670 the disgraceful treaty of Dover was signed between Charles and Lewis, and Charles bound himself at a convenient time to make a public profession of the Roman Catholic religion. This was followed in March 1672 by the Declaration of Indulgence, suspending all penal laws against Dissenting Nonconformists and Roman Catholics, and granting them freedom of worship. In January 1672, before the issue of the Declaration, Bunyan was appointed to the " eldership " or pastorate of the Bedford church, and had therefore been released. In May 1672 a license as a meeting-house was obtained for a barn in Mill Lane occupying the site of the present chapel.

In February 1673 Parliament met after an intermission of two years, and proved to be fiercely Anglican. The King was forced to rescind the Declaration, and the penal acts again became operative. How Bunyan escaped apprehension for three years is uncertain. The church held its

meetings, but whether in the barn or in the fields or in private houses we cannot tell. In March 1676 Bunyan was arrested. It has always been supposed, on the authority of the *Continuation* to the *Grace Abounding,* and also of Charles Doe, that he suffered another imprisonment for six months, but we know nothing more. In 1887, however, the original warrant for the arrest was discovered, dated March 4, 1675 [O.S.] It is addressed to the constables of Bedford and signed by thirteen magistrates,[1] setting forth that, notwithstanding the King's "clemency and indulgent grace and favour . . . yet one John Bunyan, of your said town, Tinker, hath divers times within one month last past, in contempt of his Majesty's good laws preached or teached at a Conventicle

[1] This warrant was originally in the Chauncy collection. It was bought by Mr. W. G. Thorpe, in 1887, and in that year he read an exhaustive paper on it before the Society of Antiquaries. (Second series of *Proceedings,* Vol. xii. pp. 10–17). It was sold for £305 to Mr. Quaritch by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, at their sale on April 23, 1904.

meeting or assembly, under colour or pretence of exercise of religion in other manner than according to the liturgy or practice of the Church of England. These are therefore in his Majesty's name to command you forthwith to apprehend and bring the body of the said John Bunyan before us or any of us or other his Majesty's Justices of Peace within the said county to answer the premisses."

No trace is discoverable of any examination before the magistrates, and we are not informed whether the offence for which Bunyan was punished was committed within the borough or outside it. We therefore have no decisive evidence whether he was confined in the town prison on the bridge or in his old quarters in the county gaol in Silver Street. Tradition is all in favour of an imprisonment at some time on the bridge; and as he could not have been there in 1661–1672 he was probably there in 1676. The point is interesting because it is almost certain that the *Pilgrim's Progress* was written, as we shall see

presently, during this six months' seclusion. What the town gaol was like inside we cannot say, although the outside is familiar from old prints. If the barred window was not too high, Bunyan must have had a pleasant view of the Ouse creeping slowly eastward to the Fens and the German Ocean. The company may have been an interruption at times to a man who saw visions and wanted to put them on paper; but the borough of Bedford was not large, and he was often no doubt in welcome solitude.

If the six months given as the period of Bunyan's imprisonment is strictly correct, he must have been set free in the autumn of 1676. The entries in the Church Book show that he was at liberty in the early part of 1677. An anonymous biographer, writing in 1700, and Asty, in his *Life of Owen,* both state that Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, released Bunyan in 1672. Asty adds that John Owen moved Barlow to this act of mercy, Owen and Barlow having been friends at Oxford. The story on the face of it is inaccu-

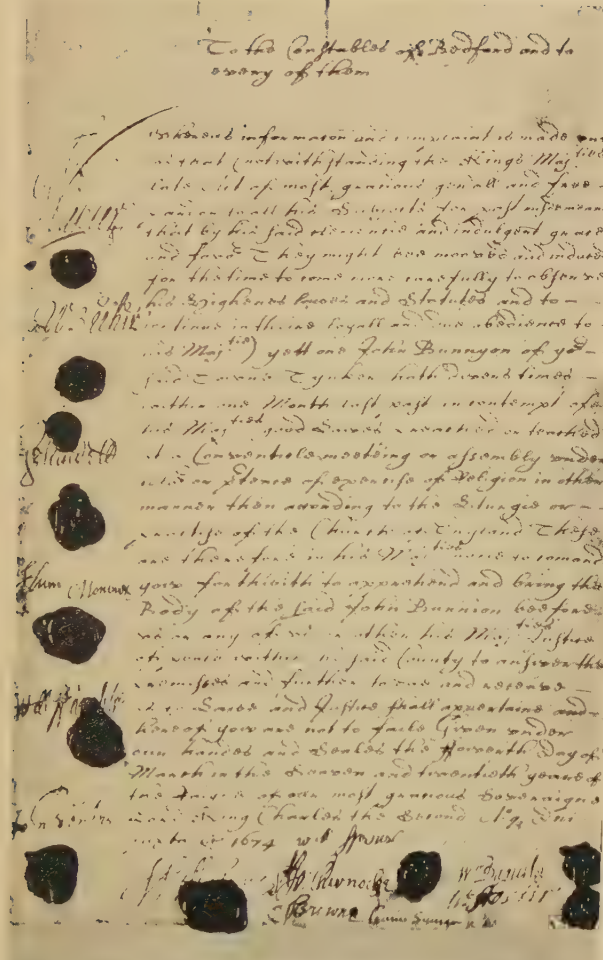
rate. Barlow did not become bishop till 1675, and it was only as bishop that he could have had any authority in the matter. Then again, Asty tells us that the date of Barlow's interference was soon after the discovery of the Popish plot, that is to say after 1678, and lastly and more absurdly that Bunyan, in order to obtain his freedom, gave a cautionary bond that he would conform for six months. Possibly Owen and Barlow may have had something to do with Bunyan's liberation in 1676, and possibly also, as Canon Venables suggests, both the anonymous biographer and Asty may have confused Bunyan with one of his friends.

We know what Bunyan wrote between 1676 and 1688, but of his life in Bedford during those years little is discoverable. We would not unwillingly give one or two of his sermons on Justification by Faith for a diary from him of that eventful time. In 1681, after the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament, came the reaction in favour of the King, renewed enforcement of the

laws against Dissenters, and the attack on the Corporation Charters. In 1683 Lord William Russell, Bunyan's neighbour, was executed, but not a word concerning him do we hear from Bunyan, although Bedford for months must have talked about him. But the darkest year was 1685. Macaulay's account of the persecution which then raged is not exaggerated: "Never, not even under the tyranny of Laud, had the condition of the Puritans been so deplorable as at that time. . . . It was impossible for the sectaries to pray together without precautions such as are employed by coiners and receivers of stolen goods. The places of meetings were frequently changed. Worship was performed sometimes just before break of day and sometimes at dead of night. Round the building where the little flock was gathered together sentinels were posted to give the alarm if a stranger drew near. The minister in disguise was introduced through the garden and the back yard. In some houses there were trap-doors through which in case of dan-

ger he might descend. Where Nonconformists lived next door to each other, the walls were often broken open, and secret passages were made from dwelling to dwelling. No psalm was sung; and many contrivances were used to prevent the voice of the preacher, in his moments of fervour, from being heard beyond the walls. Yet with all this care it was often found impossible to elude the vigilance of informers. In the suburbs of London especially, the law was enforced with the utmost rigour. Several opulent gentlemen were accused of holding conventicles. Their houses were strictly searched, and distresses were levied to the amount of many thousands of pounds." [1] In January 1685 the Bedfordshire magistrates resolved " that all such laws as had been provided for the reducing all Dissenters to a thorough conformity shall be forthwith put into a speedy and vigorous execution. We do therefore, with the concurrence of the Right Reverend Father in God, our most worthy, learned and godly Lord

[1] *History of England*, i. 667, edn. 1849.



To the Constables of Bedford and to every of them

Warrant under which Bunyan was apprehended and imprisoned for the six months during which he wrote

The Pilgrim's Progress.

The Warrant for Bunyan's Arrest in 1675.

Bishop, desire all ministers, and require as well all constables and churchwardens truly and punctually to present both at our Quarter Sessions and Monthly Meetings all such in their respective parishes as shall absent themselves from their own parish church, also those who do not come at the beginning of Divine Service, kneeling at all prayers, and standing up at the Glory, at the Creed and Hymns. By which means we hope in time the true worship of God will be thoroughly understood and honestly practised by the people of this country, to God's glory and our own peace and comfort." [1] Presentation by the constable at Quarter Sessions does no doubt help many people to understand much which it is desirable they should understand, both for their own sakes and the peace and comfort of their neighbours, but it does not contribute to an understanding of the true worship of God. The bishop was Bishop Barlow, and he not only concurred with the resolution but backed it up with the following com-

[1] Brown, *John Bunyan*, p. 335, edn. 1885.

mand to his clergy: "The rejection of this and the disobedience to the laws enjoining it render our Dissenters evidently schismatical in their separation from the communion of our Church, but seeing that our Dissenting brethren will not conform out of conscience to their duty and obedience to God and their governors, it is not only convenient but necessary that our good laws be put in execution for the preservation of the public peace and unity and for the good of Dissenters themselves, for *Afflictio dat Intellectum,* and their sufferings by the execution of our just laws may (by God's blessing) bring them to a sense of duty and a desire to do it. For the attaining of which good ends I require all the clergy of my diocese within the county of Bedford to publish this order the next Sunday after it be tendered to them and diligently to promote the design of it."[1] *Afflictio dat intellectum* is the Bishop's version of the magisterial doctrine concerning presentation by the constable. We shall meet with the Bishop again

[1] Brown, *John Bunyan*, p. 335, edn. 1885.

presently, and it is important to bear his episcopal direction in mind. Hardly any meetings of the Bedford church were held between August 1684 and December 1686. Baxter had been sent to prison in the early part of 1685 after a trial before Jeffreys, who swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the city. In December 1685 Bunyan conveyed all his goods to his wife by deed of gift. The reason for so doing is obvious. He might at any moment be fined or again lose his liberty.

It is interesting to see how Bunyan thought the persecution ought to be met. He followed the gospel exactly. His friends were to beware of men, and if they were persecuted in one city they were to flee into another. He published in 1684 a tract called *Seasonable Counsel or Advice to Sufferers*. It may originally have been a sermon, for it had a text from Saint Peter—"Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator." He speaks

his own heart when he tells his hearers and reader not to be afraid of their own fear. "Timorousness shall not overcome thee . . . He can turn thee into another man, and make thee that which thou never wast. Timorous Peter, fearful Peter, he could make as bold as a lion. He that at one time was afraid of a sorry girl, he could make at another to stand boldly before the council. There is nothing too hard for God. He can say to them that are of a fearful heart, 'Be strong, fear not.' He can say, 'Let the weak say, I am strong'; *by such a word, by which He created the world.*" This seems to be a recollection of the passage in Isaiah: "Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint." He, even He! There must be no "talking against governors." Bunyan disclaimed "disaffection to the government." He spoke "to show his loyalty to the King." He warned his

flock against foolhardiness. "Suffering for a truth ought to be cautiously took in hand and warily performed." If a minister is not allowed to preach here, let him go there. He can "quickly pack up and carry his religion with him." Bunyan was no coward, but, as we have before noticed, he had sense, and he knew that under persecution sense was as much needed as courage. He did not deny that attack was sometimes justifiable. It was so when Goliah defied the army of the living God. "Necessity gave David a call. Is there not a cause, saith he, lies bleeding upon the ground, and no man of heart or spirit to put a check to the bold blasphemer? I will go fight with him; I will put my life in my hand; if I die, I die." His humble Bedford friends must, however, remember that they were not all Davids, and that they had worse foes than magistrates and constables. "People that are afraid of fire are concerned most with that that burneth in their own chimney." Bunyan understood well enough how much more difficult it is to fall out with sin

at home than to join a committee for suppressing it in the streets. "To rail sin down, to cry it down, to pray kings and parliaments and men in authority to put it down, this is easier than to use my endeavour to overcome it with good. And sin must be overcome with good at home, before thy good can get forth of doors to overcome evil abroad." These truths are not new, but saving truths are mostly commonplace. There has been enough truth in the world for centuries past to redeem every soul in it.

In *Antichrist and his Ruin* we are taught the same lesson. This tract was not published until after Bunyan's death, and the date of its composition is uncertain, although it may probably be assigned to the close of the reign of Charles II. Bunyan alludes to the sufferings of the French Protestants, and seems to refer to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; but, on the other hand, he looks to kings for the destruction of Antichrist. He would hardly have predicted after the accession of James II that "she shall not down but

by the hand of kings." He professes his loyalty to the King. Christians should "take heed of laying their trouble at the door of kings," but rather "labour to see the true cause of trouble, which is sin, and to attain to a fitness to be delivered out thence, and that is by repentance, and amendment of life . . . besides we must mind our duty." Bunyan was not revolutionary, nor even an active Whig, although he would have rejoiced in the freedom granted under William III. He was not a political person, and did not believe that it was the duty of everybody to be political. He knew his own limits. He knew what was his proper office and that God had sent him into the world not to engage in armed rebellions, but to preach the gospel. As to Antichrist it will tumble down when all the good is departed out of her. It "was sometimes a place of residence for good men . . . when you shall see the church and people of God so forsake her that she is left in a manner to herself, and to her disciples, then she is to fall quickly." A profound

truth to be borne in mind by propagandists. Antichrist will not disappear until she is emptied of reality, and the substance, the fact, by which she exists has been taken up by her enemies.

In 1686 there were signs that the tide was beginning to turn. James had conceived a plan for destroying the Anglican Church by uniting the Roman Catholics and Dissenters against it. In April 1687 appeared another Declaration, and all penal laws against Dissenters were suspended. They were not to be deluded. Baxter was set at liberty, but refused to join in any address of thanks for the Indulgence. Howe was allowed to return from Holland whither he had been exiled, but he denied the legality of the dispensing power. In March 1688 the Bedford Corporation was remodelled, and Dissenters, some of whom belonged to Bunyan's congregation, were admitted in expectation that they would use their power to return to Parliament members favourable to the Court. The author of the *Continuation* to the *Grace Abounding* informs us that

"during these things there were regulators sent into all cities and towns corporate, to new-model the government in the magistracy, etc., by turning out some and putting in others. Against this Mr. Bunyan expressed his zeal with some weariness, as foreseeing the bad consequence that would attend it, and laboured with his congregation to prevent their being imposed on in this kind; and when a great man in those days, coming to Bedford upon some such errand, sent for him, as it is supposed, to give him a place of public trust, he would by no means come at him, but sent his excuse." In April 1688 appeared the second Declaration, which was followed in May by the famous Order in Council directing that it should be read on two successive Sundays at the time of Divine Service by the officiating ministers of all the churches and chapels in the kingdom. Our friend Barlow, who in 1685 was of opinion that *afflictio dat intellectum,* at any rate to Nonconformists, did not find that trouble improved the clearness of his own intellect. One of his clergy was doubtful whether

he ought to obey the proclamation, and, seeking for guidance from the Bishop, received a reply which is worth reprinting as a model of ecclesiastical instruction in difficulty.

"Sir, I received yours, and all that I have time to say (the messenger which brought it making so little stay here) is only this: by his Majesty's command I was required to send that Declaration to all churches in my diocese, in obedience whereto I sent them. Now, the same authority which requires me to send them requires you to read them. But whether you should or should not read them, is a question of that difficulty, in the circumstances we now are, that you can't expect that I should so hastily answer it, especially in writing. The two last Sundays, the clergy in London were to read it, but, as I am informed, they generally refused. For myself I shall neither persuade nor dissuade you, but leave it to your prudence and conscience whether you will or will not read it; only this I shall advise, that if, after serious consideration, you find that you cannot read

it, but *reluctante vel dubitante conscientia*, in that case to read it will be your sin, and you to blame for doing it. I shall only add that God Almighty would be so graciously pleased to bless and direct you so, that you may do nothing in this case, which may be justly displeasing to God, *or the King* (italics the present transcriber's), is the prayer of your loving friend and brother, Thos. Lincoln.

"Buckden, May 29, 1688."[1]

On the accession of James II, Barlow had got up an address which he caused to be signed by six hundred of his clergy, thanking the King for the first Declaration. Before the second appeared the Bishop had discerned a coming change of wind. Finally, when James had fled, he voted the abdication and took the oaths to William and Mary. It is not a surprise to learn that he reached the age of eighty-five and died peaceably in his palace.

At the acquittal of the bishops, Bedford was

[1] Stoughton's *Church of the Restoration*, ii. 148–9.

one of the towns which distinguished itself by its joy. Bunyan must have rejoiced also, but the concluding victory he was not to see. In August 1688 he set out for London from Bedford, but went round by Reading. The author of the *Continuation* before quoted says that the object of the journey to Reading was to soften the anger of a father towards his son whom he purposed to disinherit and that Bunyan's intercession was successful. His life, we learn on the same authority, was much spent "in reconciling differences, by which he hindered many mischiefs, and saved some families from ruin; and in such fallings-out he was uneasy till he found means to labour a reconciliation." On his way from Reading to London he was overtaken by heavy rain and was wet through when he reached the house of the friend, John Strudwick on Snow Hill, with whom he was to stay. There he fell into a fever, and died on August 31, 1688. He was not sixty, but we are told that he was worn out with sufferings, age and often teaching. He was buried in

Bunhill Fields in a vault belonging to Strudwick. His property was sworn under £100. His books had been popular during his lifetime, and either therefore he did not himself make much money out of them or he gave it away. The house in which he lived in Saint Cuthbert's Street, Bedford, during his latter years existed within the memory of people now living. It was nothing better than a labourer's cottage, and in 1774 it was let for £2 yearly. He had six children, who grew up, four by the first wife and two by the second; and in addition there was a child which died at the birth when its mother, Elizabeth Bunyan, was "smayed at the news" of her husband's apprehension. The "Brief Character of Mr. John Bunyan" in the *Continuation* is as follows: "He appeared in countenance to be a stern and rough temper; but in his conversation mild and affable, not given to loquacity or much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it: observing never to boast of himself, or his parts, but rather seem low in his own eyes, and

submit himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing, being just in all that lay in his power to his word, not seeming to revenge injuries, loving to reconcile differences, and make friendship with all; he had a sharp quick eye, accomplished with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit. As for his person, he was tall of stature, strong-boned, though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip after the old British fashion; his hair reddish, but in his latter days time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set, but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderate large; his forehead something high and his habit always plain and modest." We learn also that he was called Bishop Bunyan by his enemies jeeringly, but by his friends because the title was deserved. The preface to the *Acceptable Sacrifice* is written by George Cokayn, who belonged to a very old Bedfordshire family supposed to be descended from Sir John Cokayne of Cokayne-Hatley, who was Chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1401. George Cokayn

was educated at Cambridge, and was one of the clergy ejected in 1660. His congregation followed him and became the Independent Church in Redcross Street. In this preface Cokayne says of Bunyan, whom he well knew and loved, that, "as himself sometimes acknowledged, he always needed the thorn in the flesh, and God in mercy sent it to him, lest, under his extraordinary circumstances, he should be exalted above measure, which perhaps was the evil that did more easily beset him than any other." "God," adds Cokayne, "who had much work for him to do, was still hewing and hammering him by his Word, and sometimes also by more than ordinary temptations and desertions." Bunyan confessed he needed "a maul." Once when he had preached with peculiar warmth and enlargement he was congratulated on his "sweet sermon." "Aye," he replied, "you need not remind me of that; for the Devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit." At another time he brings himself up with the reflection, "Is it so much to be a fiddle?"

The lines in these contemporary descriptions are convergent and form a picture which will perhaps become more distinct after we have dealt with Bunyan's writings. Meanwhile a quality in Bunyan may be noticed which is not generally recognized. He was not a clown, nor the poor creature whom Cowper dared not name, but an aristocrat in the proper sense of the word, a man of strength and dignity, who had an aptitude for ruling, and yet with gentleness. The portrait prefixed to the present volume confirms this estimate of him. It is a copy of the sketch on vellum by Robert White, almost certainly taken from life, which is preserved in the British Museum. White was a draughtsman and an engraver whose plates, says Mr. O'Donoghue in the *Dictionary of National Biography,* "have always been greatly valued for their accuracy as likenesses." The face is a poet's, and it is also the face of a man who would be obeyed. It is the face of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress,* but it might be that of a great admiral or general.

Photo Mrs. Delves, Broughton.

Bunyan's Cottage, Elstow.

THE PREACHER

A LARGE portion of Bunyan's works consists of expanded sermons. He probably would have told us that the commission with which he was entrusted was not religious allegory but the proclamation of the Gospel in Bedford. The *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Holy War* and the *Life and Death of Mr. Badman* are an overflow of that which could not find a place in the Sunday discourses.

When Bunyan was writing the *Pilgrim's Progress* Newton had just come to the conclusion that the observed motions of the moon were in accordance with the law of gravitation. But there was no popular magazine in 1685, and his discovery was therefore communicated to the Royal Society. Nor would the motions of the moon have been thought to be of much importance by religious folk in those days if they could have learned anything about them. We now justly

consider that the calculations which it is said that Newton, foreseeing to what they tended, could not finish through agitation, are a contribution to theology greater than any which was made by Calvin; but if we had said this to our forefathers in the eighteenth century, they would not have known what we meant. Their science was that of God's direct relations with man, and they took little interest in any other. Hence the preacher was of greater importance to them than he is to us, who busy ourselves with so much upon which he is no authority, and who, as the Manager says in *Faust,* "have read a terrible deal" (*haben schrecklich viel gelesen*). A quarter of an hour's modern talk in the pulpit once a week would have been a mockery to men who believed that there was nothing in life of much consequence save to discover what directions an inspired book gave to ensure salvation.

We all strive to form some kind of theory of the world and its government, to build up something by which we can live. Man is not only

the minister but the interpreter of Nature, and the impulse to interpret, to give a meaning and consistency to this transcendent Universe, is an irresistible passion. The theory for the Puritan was Calvinism, but it was not mere speculation, as we shall see presently. We find a full statement of it in Bunyan's *Doctrine of the Law and Grace Unfolded,* published in 1659. It will be as well in giving some account of it to use as far as possible Bunyan's own words. We begin with a Triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, who for His own pleasure has created man. Man, at the instigation of the Devil, transgressed God's commandment, and thereby fell under a curse of incapacity, inherited by his offspring, to fulfil the moral Law which God had set up. The penalty for infringing it was eternal damnation in hell. God the Father, so far, is conceived as an abstract, unappeasable Justice. This conception is a part of Christianity generally, but Calvinistic Puritanism, more pointedly than Roman Catholicism or Anglicanism, insisted on the completeness

of this logical abstraction in the Godhead and of the consequent opposition therein. " To be under the Law," says the *Doctrine of Law and Grace,* " as it is a covenant of works, is to be bound, upon pain of eternal damnation, to fulfil, and that completely and continually, every particular point of the ten commandments by doing of them. . . . If a man do fulfil nine of the commandments, and yet breaketh but one, that, being broken, will as surely destroy him and shut him out from the joys of heaven as if he had actually transgressed against them all: for indeed, in effect, so he hath. . . . Though thou shouldst fulfil this covenant, or law, even all of it, for a long time, ten, twenty, forty, fifty or three-score years, yet if thou do chance to slip and break one of them but once before thou die, thou art also gone and lost by that covenant. . . . This law doth not only condemn words and actions, as I said before, but it hath authority to condemn the most secret thoughts of the heart, being evil; so that if thou do not speak any word that is evil, as

swearing, lying, jesting, dissembling, or any other word that tendeth to, or savoureth of sin, yet if thou should chance to pass but one vain thought through thy heart but once in all thy lifetime, the law taketh hold of it, accuseth, and also will condemn thee for it: . . . it leaves thee there as a cursed transgressor against God and a destroyer of thy own soul." The reason is plain. "If thou, having sinned but one sin against this covenant, and shouldst afterwards escape damning, God must be unfaithful to Himself and to His Word, which both agree as one. First, He would be unfaithful to Himself; to Himself that is, to His justice, holiness, righteousness, wisdom and power, if He should offer to stop the runnings out of His justice for the damning of them that have offended it. And secondly, He would be unfaithful to His Word, His written Word, and deny, disown and break that of which He hath said, 'It is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail, or be made of none effect.' If a poor soul should plead for

mercy under the law, each commandment will rise up against him crying, 'Damn him, damn him.' These ten great guns, the ten commandments, will, with discharging themselves in justice against thy soul, so rattle in thy conscience that thou wilt, in spite of thy truth, be immediately put to silence, and have thy mouth stopped. And let me tell thee further, that if thou shalt appear before God to have the ten commandments discharge themselves against thee, thou hadst better be tied to a tree, and have ten, yea ten thousand of the biggest pieces of ordnance in the world to be shot off against thee; for these could go no further, but only to kill the body; but they, both body and soul, to be tormented in hell with the Devil to all eternity."

Such is the Law and the condition of man under it. It may be permitted to remind the reader again that we are in the region of pure abstraction, devoid of concreteness as completely as Being, Nothing or any other scholastic invention, and, what is more important, it was an

abstraction to Bunyan. He soon begins to strike into the necessary opposite, that is to say, into something like reality. Before man fell God had determined a way for his salvation. "A glorious plot and contrivance was concluded on before time between the Father and the Son." They "shook hands" over it. The Son was to take upon Himself the body of man, and fulfil the demands of the Law for man. "So that now, let Divine and infinite justice turn itself which way it will, it finds one that can tell how to match it: for if it say, I will require the satisfaction of man, here is a man to satisfy its cry; and if it say, But I am an infinite God, and must and will have an infinite satisfaction: here is One also that is infinite, even fellow with God, fellow in His essence and being; fellow in His power and strength; fellow in His wisdom; fellow in His mercy and grace; together with the rest of the attributes of God; so that, I say, let justice turn itself which way it will, here is a complete person to give it a complete satisfaction." The satis-

faction is for the elect who claim it and rest upon it. "This imputed life—for so it is—is the obedience of the Son of God as His righteousness, in His suffering, rising, ascending, interceding, and so consequently triumphing over all the enemies of the soul, and given to me, as being wrought on purpose for me. So that, is there righteousness in Christ? that is mine. Is there perfection in that righteousness? that is mine. Did He bleed for sin? it was for mine. Hath He overcome the Law, the Devil, and hell? the victory is mine and I am counted the conqueror, nay, more than a conqueror, through Him that hath loved me." We are now at some distance from the abstract Avenger. Man, "filthy and leprous" as he is without the Redeemer, has become great. The virtue of the Saviour is "imputed," but not without participation in it,[1] and the humblest Christian is bound up with the

[1] "There is a righteousness *put into them* (italics Bunyan's), . . . or I had rather that you should call it a principle of righteousness; for it is a principle of life to righteousness."

Eternal Son and shares His divinity. The soul for which Christ descended from heaven cannot be a trifle. "Would Christ," asks Bunyan in the *Greatness of the Soul and Unspeakableness of the Loss thereof,* "have done this for inconsiderable things? No, nor for the souls of sinners neither, had He not valued them higher than He valued heaven and earth besides."

In many of Bunyan's sermons we have little more than a presentation of the "plan," the "scheme," the "plot" with variations, and pictures of hell and heaven as vivid as those in Dante. Nothing but the "plan" is seen in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. The Old Testament is a prophetic type of it, and this is the reason why it is a part of our Scriptures. The fig-leaves wherewith Adam and Eve sought to cover their nakedness are natural righteousness, and the coats of skins are that which is imputed. *Solomon's Temple Spiritualized* is a long essay of nearly fifty pages, double columns, to prove that every part of the temple was a pre-figure-

ment of things to come; and if the Bible is a verbally inspired manual of salvation, Bunyan was forced to assign a prophetic meaning to the story of Solomon's carpentry. What other reason could be given for its inclusion in the canon? The temple snuffers therefore are typical: our snuffs are superfluities of naughtiness, and the snuffers are righteous rebukes and admonitions, but, adds Bunyan, "it is not for every fool to handle snuffers at or about the candles, lest perhaps, instead of mending the light, they put the candle out." The gate of the porch is the strait gate, and in reply to the objection that the porch gate was six cubits in breadth, Bunyan says, "Six cubits! what is sixteen cubits to him who would enter in here with all the world on his back? The young man in the Gospel, who made such a noise for heaven, might have gone in easy enough; for in six cubits' breadth there is room: but, poor man, he was not for going in thither unless he might carry in his houses upon his shoulder too, and now the gate was strait." The

twelve oxen that supported the molten sea are the twelve apostles. Their hinder parts were inward, covered with the molten sea, which is the Gospel, "and indeed," so proceeds the exposition, "it becomes a Gospel minister to have his uncomely parts covered with that grace which by the Gospel he preacheth unto others . . . but alas, there are too, too many who, can they but have their heads covered with a few Gospel notions, care not though their hinder parts are seen of all the world." This mode of treating the Bible was not peculiar to Bunyan. It was the orthodox method in his day and long afterwards. Benjamin Keach, one of his contemporaries and a much more learned man, published in two volumes folio a *Tropologia,* in which Aaron's ephod is the righteousness of Christ and the pomegranate ornaments are the savour of this righteousness in the nostrils of God the Father. They contain a precious juice and virtue "to qualify and abate the raging heat of God's wrath." It is probable, thinks Keach, that Samson's marriage

to a strange wife and the destruction of his enemies in his death are to be expounded as a type of Christ, who was spiritually married to the Gentiles and conquered His enemies by dying.

Bunyan is not always dogmatic in his sermons. "God," he cries in *Christ a Complete Saviour,* "is the chief good. Good so as nothing is but Himself. . . . God is the upholder of all creatures, and whatever they have that is a suitable good to their kind, it is from God; by God all things have their subsistence, and all the good that they enjoy. I cannot tell what to say; I am drowned! The life, the glory, the blessedness, the soul-satisfying goodness that is in God is beyond all expression." He insists on the Gospel of works as emphatically as on the Gospel of justification by faith. The Pharisee, in the *Pharisee and Publican,* is commended because "in my conscience he was better than many of our English Christians; for many of them are so far off from being at all partakers of positive righteousness, that all their ministers, Bibles, good books,

good sermons, nor yet God's judgments, can persuade them to become so much as negatively holy, that is, to leave off evil." It is of so much importance to understand that Bunyan was in the first place a preacher of righteousness, and to see the order in the articles of his creed, that quotation at a little greater length may be pardoned from the *Barren Fig-tree,* published in 1682. We shall also obtain from it some faint notion of what he must have been as an orator. The reader will be good enough to imagine these sentences *spoken* by the "man tall of stature, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes"; "whose countenance," as the editors of the folio tell us, "did strike something of awe into them that had nothing of the fear of God."

The barren fig-tree is the "fruitless professor." "When a man hath got a profession and is crowded into the house and Church of God, the question is not now, Hath he life, hath he right principles? but Hath he fruit? He came seeking fruit thereon. It mattereth not who brought

thee in hither, whether God or the Devil, or thine own vain-glorious heart; but hast thou fruit? . . . What do men meddle with religion for? Why do they call themselves by the name of the Lord Jesus if they have not the grace of God, if they have not the spirit of Christ? God, therefore, expecteth fruit. What do they in the vineyard? Let them work, or get them out; the vineyard must have labourers in it. . . . God expecteth fruit that will answer, and be worthy of the repentance which thou feignest thyself to have. . . . By thy profession thou hast said, I am sensible of the evil of sin. Now then, live such a life as declares that thou art sensible of the evil of sin. By thy profession thou hast said, I am sorry for my sin. Why, then, live such a life as may declare this sorrow."

The Puritan Church in Bunyan's days was sharply marked off from the world, but even then there was a risk of contagion. Puritanism was not respectable, and it must have required some strength of mind in church members who were

tolerably well-to-do to keep themselves separate. The fear of persecution was not so dangerous as the desire to be recognized by the class socially superior. Bunyan warns his hearers against aping its manners. Let them beware of "pampering themselves without fear, daubing themselves with the lust-provoking fashions of the times; to walk with stretched out necks, naked breasts, frizzled foretops, wanton gestures, in gorgeous apparel, mixed with gold and pearl and costly array. . . . Barren fig-tree, can it be imagined that those that paint themselves did ever repent of their pride? or that those that pursue this world did ever repent of their covetousness? or that those that walk with wanton eyes did ever repent of their fleshly lusts?" God will forsake these professors: their punishment will be that they shall be "let alone." "Dost thou hear, barren professor? . . . Those that once seemed sons of the morning" shall "be permitted, being past feeling, to give themselves over unto lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness." The

withdrawal of God! is not that enough? is not that hell? "If such a one be visited after the common way of mankind, either with sickness, distress or any kind of calamity, still no God appeareth, no sanctifying hand of God, no special mercy is mixed with the affliction. But he falls sick and grows well like a beast." Not only will God forsake, He will utterly destroy these professors. One of His most effectual methods is "strong delusions; delusions that shall *do*; that shall make them believe a lie." They shall be "judicially hardened," seared as with a hot iron, so that they "can never have sense, feeling or the least *regret* (italics the present commentator's) in this world."

The sentence to cut down the barren fig-tree is not put into execution till Christ has done His best to save it. It may be "earth-bound" with the love of the world and the deceitfulness of riches. "He diggeth about him, he smiteth one blow at his heart, another blow at his lusts, a third at his pleasures, a fourth at his comforts,

Photo Mrs. Delves, Broughton.

Elstow Village Green, Showing the Stump of the Old Cross.

another at his self-conceitedness. . . . Barren fig-tree, see here the care, the love, the labour,[1] and way which the Lord Jesus, the dresser of the vineyard, is fain to take with thee, if haply thou mayest be made fruitful. . . . Thou professest to believe thou hast a share in another world: hast thou let go *this*, barren fig-tree? Thou professest thou believest in Christ: is He thy joy, and the life of thy soul? Yea, what conformity unto Him, to His sorrows and sufferings? What resemblance hath His crying, and groaning, and bleeding, and dying wrought in thee? Dost thou 'bear about in thy body the dying of the Lord Jesus?' and is also the life of Jesus made manifest in thy mortal body? Barren fig-

[1] When he (Johnson) would try to repeat the celebrated *Prosa Ecclesiastica pro Mortuis*, as it is called, beginning *Dies irae, Dies illa*, he could never pass the stanza ending thus—

"Tantus labor non sit cassus"

without bursting into a flood of tears. *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, by Hester Lynch Piozzi (G. Birkbeck Hill's edition, p. 284).

tree, 'show me thy faith by thy works.' Show me out of a good conversation thy works with meekness of wisdom! . . . Barren soul, how many showers of grace, how many dews from heaven, how many times have the silver streams of the city of God run gliding by thy roots, to cause thee to bring forth fruit! These showers and streams, and the drops that hang upon thy boughs, will all be accounted for; and will they not testify against thee that thou oughtest of right to be burned?"

The *Heavenly Footman*,[1] is a posthumous tract which was published in 1698. It is characteristic of Bunyan's best work, as we have seen, that though the form of it may be theological there is a meaning in it which is human, and the great laws of nature, eternal as the stars, may be discerned in the discussions of texts. Bunyan

[1] This use of the word, says the Oxford Dictionary, is now nearly obsolete, except in dialect. It quotes from the *London Gazette* in 1685: "There will be a plate run for by footmen at Wigan."

is often as rigid as any Calvinistic professor, but he is seldom opaque, non-transparent to the heavenly light, and he was in fact drawn to Calvinism because of its relationship to that which is the same yesterday and to-day, yea, and for ever. The *Heavenly Footman* is a striking example of universality. The text is, *So run, that ye may obtain,* and of course the object to be obtained is salvation after death; but let us listen to the description of the kind of running which is necessary. It is to be a flying for life, a thrusting through everything that stands between heaven and the soul. "Soul, take this counsel, and say, *Satan, sin, lust, pleasure, profit, pride, friends, companions, and everything else, let me alone, stand off, come not nigh me, for I am running for heaven, for my soul, for God, for Christ, from hell and everlasting damnation. If I win, I win all; and if I lose, I lose all. Let me alone, for I will not hear.* So run." We must not only repel that which is openly obstructive, we must refuse to be delayed by that which in itself is

good. Plato is a noble study; Buddhism is most interesting; this or that social movement is of importance, but they may be fatal as sin if we have something to do which must be done. The running must be continuous, not by "fits and starts," but "for my life and to the end of my life . . . What! do you think that every heavy-heeled professor will have heaven?" A man may run and reach heaven's gate, and may even stand knocking at the gate, but may be too late; the tide which leads to fortune has been let slip. "And if these gates be once shut against a man, they are so heavy that all the men in the world, nor all the angels in heaven, are not able to open them." We shall have to run through a waste, howling wilderness, waste and howling as Bunyan well knew, and we shall be chased by fierce pursuers, the Devil, the law, sin, death, and hell. Zeal alone is not sufficient. "For it is a vain thing to think that ever thou shalt have the prize, though thou runnest never so fast, unless thou art in the Way that leads to it. Set the case that

there should be a man in London, that was to run to York for a wager. Now though he run never so swiftly, yet if he run full south, he might run himself quickly out of breath, and be never the nearer the prize, but rather the farther off. Just so is it here; it is not simply the runner, nor yet the hasty runner, that winneth the crown, unless he be in the way that leadeth thereto. I have observed, that little time which I have been a professor, that there is a great running to and fro, some this way, and some that way; yet it is to be feared most of them are out of the way; and then though they run as swift as the eagle can fly, they are benefited nothing at all. Here is one runs a Quaking, another a Ranting; one again runs after the Baptism, and another after the Independency; here's one for freewill, and another for Presbytery, and yet possibly most of all these sects run quite the wrong way, and yet every one is for his life, his soul, either for heaven or hell." Bunyan warns his friends not to make a religion out of party distinctions. His

religion was Jesus. We are to be planted in Him, have faith in Him, make a life out of Him. One of the signs by which we may know that we are in the Way is that we *muse* on Him, and that His company "sweetens all things."

We must strip for this race. "Thou talkest of going to heaven, and yet fillest thy pocket with stones." We are not to stare about us as we run, we are not to "pry overmuch into God's secret decrees," or into this or that "curiosity." We are not to have an ear open to everybody who calls us. "Men that run, you know, if any do call after them, saying, *I would speak with you;* or, *Go not too fast,* and *you shall have my company with you,* if they run for some great matter, they use to say, *Alas! I cannot stay, I am in haste, pray talk not to me now.*" The Cross is the Waymark to the kingdom of heaven. "Thou must go close by it, thou must touch it, nay, thou must take it up." Beware, says Bunyan, before you see the cross, of stopping at some half-way house—one of his characteristic

bits of divine philosophy and of the wisdom of life.

Another "direction" is to beg of God that the understanding may be enlightened and the will well "inflamed." The reason why men care so little about the other world is that they do not see it. We endure as seeing Him who is invisible, and no endurance is possible unless we preserve our faith in that which is beyond the reach of eyesight. But, says Bunyan, "I tell you the Will is all." It was the will which supported the saints in martyrdom. If we had asked him how the understanding was to be enlightened, and how the will was to be inflamed, the only answer would have been a repetition of the counsel to pray to God, but the prayer presupposes that for which we pray, and so it comes to this at last that we are in God's hand, and that when we pray He prays through us.

We have seen what Bunyan makes of the Cities of Refuge. That blessed institution was very dear to him. We are to run for the City lest

an everlasting stop be put to our journey. When we get there we are not to venture outside. Bunyan intends conviction of safety, certainty. It is possible after much struggle to become secure. We shall then do well to tolerate no further dispute. Obstinacy may be mere stupidity, but there is an intelligent obstinacy which is a virtue.

Partly recapitulating what has gone before, the *Heavenly Footman* concludes with some "uses." It is not enough "to keep company with the hindmost." Lot's wife lagged to give but one look behind her, and was lost as completely as if she had remained in Sodom. He that runs lazily, who seeks to drive the world and pleasure before him, is the cause of damnation to others. "Look to it, thou wilt have strength little enough to appear before God, to give an account of the loss of thy own soul, thou needest not have to give an account for others, why thou dost stop them from entering in." Let no one take an example of those who "stagger or loiter." Rather let us imitate Lot, who, when

the judgment fell upon his wife, did not look behind him. There is no more serious passage in all Bunyan's writings than this, but he cannot suppress humour. "I have sometimes wondered," he adds, "at Lot in this particular. His wife looked behind her, and died immediately; but let what would become of her, *Lot would not so much as look behind him to see her.* We do not read that he did so much as once look where she was, or what was become of her."

Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ. Bunyan's gloss on Saint Paul is "learn of no man farther than he followeth Christ," no matter what his genius may be. Religion is the worship of an ideal, and in these days, therefore, when every man has a score of ideals, religion is difficult. It is doubtful, in fact, whether it is possible.

This brief notice of the *Heavenly Footman* may be closed by an extract from it which for simple eloquence can perhaps hardly be matched. "To encourage thee a little farther, set to the

work, and when thou hast run thyself down weary, then the Lord Jesus will take thee up and carry thee. Is not this enough to make any poor soul begin his race? Thou (perhaps) criest, 'O, but I am feeble, I am lame,' etc.; well, but Christ hath a bosom; consider, therefore, when thou hast run thyself down weary, He will put thee in His bosom. He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. This is the way that fathers take to encourage their children, saying, *Run, sweet babe, while thou art weary, and then I will take thee up and carry thee.* He will gather His lambs with His arms and carry them in His bosom; when they are weary, they shall ride." No wonder that, as Charles Doe records, twelve hundred people have been seen listening to Bunyan in London at seven o'clock in the morning on a working-day in the dark winter. Doe computed that at a Lord's Day service which he attended in a town's-end meeting-house three thousand came to hear this

wonderful orator, half of them being obliged to go back for want of room, and that, entering by a back door, he had to be pulled almost over men's heads, to get upstairs to his pulpit.

There is no evidence that Bunyan had read many theological books, but there was one that he did read which was of the greatest moment to him, and its influence on his own works is so marked that some account of it must be given. It was Luther's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians*. He fell in with it just before *Grace Abounding* had triumphed, and thus reports: "But before I got thus far out of these my temptations, I did greatly long to see some ancient godly man's experience who had writ some hundreds of years before I was born; for those who had writ in our days, I thought (but I desire them now to pardon me), that they had writ only that which others felt, or else had, through the strength of their wits and parts, studied to answer such objections as they perceived others were perplexed with, without going down them-

selves into the deep. Well, after many such longings in my mind, the God in whose hands are all our days and ways did cast into my hand, one day, a book of Martin Luther; it was his comment on the Galatians—it also was so old that it was ready to fall piece from piece if I did but turn it over. Now I was pleased much that such an old book had fallen into my hands; the which, when I had but a little way perused, I found my condition, in his experience, so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart. This made me marvel; for thus, thought I, *This man could not know anything of the state of Christians now, but must needs write and speak the experience of former days.* Besides, he doth most gravely also in that book debate of the rise of these temptations, namely, blasphemy, desperation, and the like; showing that the Law of Moses, as well as the Devil, death and hell hath a very great hand therein. The which, at first, was very strange to me; but considering and watching, I found

it so indeed. But of particulars here I intend nothing; only this, methinks, I must let fall before all men, I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians (excepting the Holy Bible) before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience."

What Bunyan meant we may be able presently dimly to understand. The copy of the *Commentary* which he read was probably the translation of 1575 with the imprimatur of "Edwinnus, London," that is to say, Bishop Sandys, afterwards Archbishop of York. He commends it as "most comfortable to all afflicted consciences exercised in the School of Christ," and officially stamps it as a manual of "most necessary devotion." What we call Puritanism was then accepted by the Church of England. The translators are not known. "They refuse to be named, seeking neither their own gain nor glory, but thinking it their happiness, if by any means they may relieve afflicted minds, and do good to the Church of Christ, yielding all glory to

God, to whom all glory is due." Healing of wounds, comfort to afflicted consciences, relief to afflicted minds, this was the attraction of this theological *Commentary* to Bunyan, the Bishop and his anonymous friends.

The *Commentary* was first published in 1535, and the lectures on which it was founded were delivered in 1531. It is chiefly an explanation and defence of that great article in Paul's creed that we are not to be saved by the law, but by faith in Jesus Christ; and through about six hundred pages it says the same thing over and over again, so that now few persons, except under compulsion, would persevere to the end of it. The reason for the continual repetition is partly that Paul continually repeats himself, partly that it is a reproduction of oral discourses, and partly and mainly that Luther was never tired of his subject. He confesses that he was tedious, and his apology is that he did so desire to "beat into the heads" of his disciples the Gospel he was commissioned to deliver. Although it is weari-

some, the *Commentary* is a historical monument, and for this and other reasons is well worth study. It is a record of what such a man as Luther actually believed, and it is the text-book of a great religion. The iterations, we find, are not those of mumbling torpor, but of a prophet too much in earnest to be diversified. We discover also in it much wit, in the ancient sense of the word, reminding us often of Bunyan, and many noble passages eloquent in substance as well as in form.

It is impossible to understand creeds of any kind unless we know their history and that of the times in which they originated. This is particularly true of Lutheranism. Luther rebelled against the notion that on the easiest terms men can be redeemed from the penalty due to what they are by nature and what they have done. It is only by the substitution of a true belief that erroneous belief can be destroyed; and Luther found, or supposed he found, in the inspired Epistles to the Romans and Galatians the antidote to the

Popish heresy. The fervour with which he maintains justification by faith alone is explained almost on every other page of the *Commentary* by the abominations of Rome. "The Justiciaries and Merit-mongers will not receive grace and everlasting life of Him freely, but will desire the same by their own works. For this cause they would utterly take from Him the glory of His divinity." That the "hypocritical works and merits of monks and friars" are "desert in the eyes of God" is "doctrine of devils." "Why was Christ born? Why was He crucified? Why did He suffer? Why was He made my High Priest, loving me and giving *Himself* an inestimable sacrifice for me? In vain, no doubt, and to no purpose at all, if righteousness come by no other means than the Papists teach; for without grace and without Christ I find no righteousness either in myself or in the law. Is this horrible blasphemy to be suffered or dissembled, that the Divine Majesty, not sparing His own dear Son, but delivering Him to death for us all, should

Photo Mrs. Delves, Broughton.

Village Street of Elstow.

not do all these things seriously and in good earnest, but as it were in sport? Before I would admit this blasphemy, I would not only that the holiness of all the papists and merit-mongers, but also of all the saints and holy angels, should be thrown into the bottom of hell and condemned with the Devil. Mine eyes shall behold nothing else but this inestimable price, my Lord and Saviour Christ. He ought to be such a treasure unto me, that all other things should be but dung in comparison of Him. He ought to be such a light unto me, that when I have apprehended Him by faith, I should not know whether there be any law, any sin, any righteousness, or any unrighteousness in the world. For what are all things which are in heaven and earth in comparison of the Son of God, Christ Jesus my Lord and Saviour, *who loved me and gave Himself for me?"* In this passage Justification by Faith is at a white heat, and what man is there who does not feel the fire in it?

Luther goes farther than any other Christian

doctor of divinity would venture in these days. "And this (no doubt) all the prophets did foresee in spirit, that Christ should become the greatest transgressor, murderer, adulterer, thief, rebel, and blasphemer that ever was or could be in all the world. For He being made a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, is not now an innocent person and without sins, is not now the Son of God born of the Virgin Mary, but a sinner, which hath and carrieth the sin of Paul, who was a blasphemer, an oppressor and a persecutor; of Peter, which denied Christ; of David, which was an adulterer, a murderer, and caused the Gentiles to blaspheme the name of the Lord; and briefly, which hath and beareth all the sins of all men in His body; not that He Himself committed them, but for that He received them being committed or done of us, and laid them upon His own body that He might make satisfaction for them with His own blood. . . . Hereby it appeareth that the doctrine of the Gospel (which of all others is most sweet and full of singular

consolation) speaketh nothing of our works or of the works of the Law, but of the inestimable mercy and love of God towards us most wretched and miserable sinners; to wit, that our most merciful Father, seeing us to be oppressed and overwhelmed with the curse of the Law, and so to be holden under the same that we could never be delivered from it by our own power, sent His only Son into the world, and laid upon Him all the sins of all men, saying, Be Thou Peter that denier; Paul that persecutor, blasphemer and cruel oppressor; David that adulterer; that sinner which did eat the apple in Paradise; that thief which hanged upon the cross; and, briefly, be Thou the person which hath committed the sins of all men."

Luther and Bunyan had both known what it was to be prostrate under a conviction of impotence and sin, and consequently under the curse of damnation. It is all well-nigh inconceivable and fantastic to us. The overwhelming sense of guilt is dead. If we ever feel guilty, we can par-

don ourselves without any ado. Luther said he would have been driven to suicide if he could have found no escape. Relief was given in the conception of a Mediator, which in the *Commentary* assumes a grandeur far beyond that of any figure in mythological poetry. The Christ who hangs on the cross is the personification of Pity, of that Spirit which for ever strives against the relentlessness of Nature, the Spirit which forgives and immediately begins to close the wound with soft new flesh. If Christ appears to us as a "lawgiver that requireth a strait account of our life past, then let us assure ourselves that it is not Christ, but a raging fiend. . . . He addeth not affliction to the afflicted; He breaketh not the bruised reed, neither quencheth He the smoking flax." To Luther Christ is the God for man. He goes so far as to say that "in the matter of justification" there is no other God besides this man Christ Jesus ". . . Thou must withdraw thy mind wholly from all cogitations and searching of the Majesty of God, and look only upon

this man Jesus Christ . . . We must not think (as before we have warned you) that by the curious searching of the Majesty of God *anything concerning God can be known to our salvation* (italics the present writer's), but by taking hold of Christ, who, according to the will of the Father, hath given Himself to death for our sins." Luther's religion, therefore, like Bunyan's, is really *Christ*ianity: it is the worship not of an abstraction, but of Jesus.

The work of Christ and mystical union with Him, is so much to Luther that it looks for the moment as if he did not make enough of morality. But we know what he intends to say. Morality is not coin by which an equivalent is to be bought. After we have done all that is prescribed, we say to ourselves—what is it! Never do we feel our merit less than when we are at our best. Are the most spotless virtues of such redeeming efficacy as the love of the woman who brought the alabaster box and stood at the feet of Jesus weeping, and began to wash His feet

with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet and anointed them with the ointment? As it appears in catechisms and articles, Luther's "imputed righteousness" may be a thing foreign to us; we may be unable to do anything with it, but in so far as it means that we are saved by the righteousness of another man whom we worship it is true. It must not be mere admiration, but a passionate devotion which grafts Him on us, so that in Him and by Him we live.

Luther, like Bunyan, is perfectly sane, and he is hotter against those to whom justification by faith is an excuse for licence than he is against the Pope. The apples, he says, do not bear the tree, but the tree must bear apples. If it does not, then the sentence he would pass on it is that of Bunyan on the barren fig-tree. He notices with singular felicity that Paul calls the Christian virtues the fruits of the spirit, and not its works. They are its outcome, naturally begotten by it. The only "liberty" Luther grants is the liberty

of his Lord. Paul exhorts the Galatians to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and Luther's note is that "there is a fleshly, or rather a devilish liberty, whereby the Devil chiefly reigneth throughout the whole world. For they that enjoy this liberty obey neither God nor laws, but do what they list. This liberty the people seek and embrace at this day; and so do the Sectaries, which will be at liberty in their opinions and in all their doings, to the end they may teach and do whatsoever they dream to be good and sound, without reprehension. These stand in that liberty wherein the Devil hath made them free." Luther knew the sorrows of an apostle. He had to endure the pain of seeing his dearest beliefs mauled, misused, and pressed into the service of Satan. Is there any figure sadder than that of the Reformer who finds that he has enlisted as professed disciples foolish creatures who are a worse hindrance to him than his avowed enemies? Luther characteristically wishes that many whom he had emancipated had remained

slaves. "If faith be preached (as of necessity it must be), the more part of men understand the doctrine of faith carnally, and draw the liberty of the spirit into the liberty of the flesh. This may we see in all kinds of life, as well of the high as the low. All boast themselves to be professors of the Gospel, and all brag of Christian liberty, and yet, sowing their own lusts, they give themselves to covetousness, pleasures, pride, envy, and such other vices. No man doth his duty faithfully, no man charitably serveth the necessity of his brother. The grief hereof maketh me sometimes so impatient, that many times I wish such swine, which tread precious pearls under their feet, were yet still remaining under the tyranny of the Pope, for it is impossible that this people of Gomorrah should be governed by the Gospel of peace."

We may now be able to see perhaps how much Luther had done for Bunyan. His "wounded conscience" was made whole. He crouched no longer in terror with the burden on his back under

that Hill which flashed fire on Christian, and he was enabled to walk in freedom by faith. But it was probably the contagion of Luther's strength which was most serviceable to him. Luther also had "gone down into the deep." He had not "studied to answer" objections which were not his own. The *Commentary* is a polemic against Rome and the Anabaptists, but it is also the history of a more arduous, but victorious struggle with himself.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

THE first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was published in 1678. The opening sentence with the marginal note shows that it was written in prison, and Dr. Brown supposes that the imprisonment was that of 1676. It is not likely that Bunyan would have delayed its publication for six years from 1672, when he was released from his long confinement in the county gaol, and the prefatory verses seem to show that it was printed almost immediately after it was finished. The second part was not published till 1685, but it is as well to deal with both parts together.[1]

[1] It is not necessary to waste words over the attempt to prove plagiarism in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, from De Guileville's *Pilgrimage of Man*. Let the curious reader turn over a few pages of Dr. Furnivall's edition of the *Pilgrimage*, and he will need no further evidence that Bunyan owes nothing to it.

Coleridge in his later years praised the *Pilgrim's Progress* as being "incomparably the best *Summa Theologiæ Evangelicæ* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired. . . . All the doctors of the Sorbonne could not have better stated the Gospel *medium* between Pelagianism and Antinomian-Solifidianism, more properly named Sterilifidianism." [1] This may be true, but its virtues as an antidote to these heresies or as a medium between them cannot be set forth here. It will be more profitable just now to notice a few of the humanities of the book. It is almost entirely the story of the pilgrimage of *man,* not of Puritan man especially, but man in all ages. We will use for the most part Bunyan's own words, so that it may be seen how little translation they need.

At the beginning we find ourselves in a City of Destruction where the larger portion of mankind dwelt, including a certain "Christian," who, being informed that the city was to be burnt with

[1] *Literary Remains,* iii. 392, 410 (edn. 1838).

fire, determined to escape. He was directed by Evangelist to a wicket gate across a very wide field. Pliable, a neighbour, at first offered to go with him and even urged him to mend his pace, but Christian had a burden on his back and Pliable was unencumbered. Presently both of them fell into the Slough of Despond, an eternal bog, not to be mended although it was not the pleasure of the King that it should be there. Twenty million cart-loads of wholesome instructions had been brought from all parts of his dominions and had been pitched in it to make good ground, but they had been swallowed up, and against change of weather it did much spue out its filth. Bunyan probably intended that the change of weather should be taken literally. Christian and Pliable were much bedaubed, but Pliable, having no burden, got out of the mire on the side next to his own house and went home. Christian tried to struggle through the bog and towards the wicket gate, but might have been suffocated if Help had not appeared and drawn him out. Help came

suddenly, miraculously. Christian was in the Slough and found himself on dry land. It is clear however that if he had not obstinately striven to keep his head above the mud, Help would not have saved him. He went his way by himself and encountered Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, who, as we are particularly informed, was a gentleman. He advised Christian to disregard the troublesome counsel of Evangelist and to ease himself of his burden by applying to Mr. Legality, who dwelt in the town of Morality. He had a son named Civility, who was as well able as his father to give relief. But Christian did not get far enough to try the experiment. He certainly would have found that Legality and Civility were incompetent to diminish by one ounce a load such as he bore. He was terrified, having wandered out of the way, by flashes of fire from a mountain which made him sweat and quake for fear. Evangelist redirected him to the wicket gate. Just as he was entering, the porter, whose name was Goodwill, gave him a pull, for Beelzebub had

built a strong castle over against the gate whence he shot arrows at those who came up to it. He was shown in a narrow Way. That was to be his road to liberty and salvation. It was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ and His apostles, and was as straight as a rule could make it. Many ways butted down upon it, but they were crooked and wide. The first lodge he reached was the house of the Interpreter, where he saw strange emblems, and amongst them was a stately palace in which certain persons walked who were clothed in gold. At the door was a large company desirous to go in, but durst not, for men in armour kept it. A man with an inkhorn sat there also to take the name of him who should pass. At last one with a stout countenance came up and said to him with the inkhorn: "Set down my name, sir," whereupon he armed himself, and after a deadly struggle cut his way through, was received with pleasant melody and was attired with the golden robes. Then Christian smiled and said, "I think verily I know the meaning of

this." The marginal note refers us to the fourteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, in which we learn how Paul having been stoned and drawn out of Lystra as dead, rose up, and went on his way exhorting the disciples that we must through much tribulation enter the kingdom of God. To Bunyan courage is the root of all virtue.

The Interpreter set Christian on his road again, and he came to a Cross where the burden fell from his back, tumbled into the sepulchre and was seen no more. The way in which Bunyan makes it drop, without any effort on Christian's part, is very striking. He did not touch a knot; the words are: "Just as Christian came up with the Cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders." He was so amazed that the mere sight of the Cross should work this miracle that he stood still and wondered, and the water ran down his cheeks. But this was not all, for three shining ones stepped up to him, took away his rags, put new raiment on him, set a mark upon his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal on it, which would be a cer-

tificate for him when he came to the Celestial City. Intrusive comment on a passage like this would be properly resented, but it may be suggested that the reader should ask himself whether he can remember elsewhere a more perfect expression of the essence of Christianity than Bunyan's description of the effect produced by simply looking at the sacred symbol.

Christian presently met Formalist and Hypocrisy, who had made a short cut into the Way by climbing a wall, and who assured him that it did not matter how you get into the Way provided you do get in. But Bunyan knew that it matters very much, and both of them were lost, one in a great wood and the other amongst dark mountains. At the palace called Beautiful Christian found a welcome lodging, but before he could come up to it he had to pass through a narrow passage and espied two lions in it. They were chained, but he saw not the chains, and he was afraid, for he thought death was before him. The porter called out to him not to fear, for, as they

were chained, if he would but keep in the middle of the path no harm would befall him. He went on, heard them roar, and reached the gate safely. He slept in a large upper chamber whose window opened towards the sunrising, and, happy pilgrim, it was so quiet that its name was Peace. In the morning the lesson of the Interpreter's house was repeated, and he was again strengthened by examples, a surer method than precept, of what men have accomplished in extremity by the help of the weapons of the Lord. He was shown the pitchers and trumpets and lamps wherewith Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian, and the sling and stone with which David slew Goliah of Gath. The next day, from the top of the house, looking south, he was able to see the Delectable Mountains. From those mountains it was possible to descry the Celestial City. But alas! between them and him the Way lay through a dangerous country far below. He descended into the Valley of Humiliation almost immediately after leaving the Palace and was stopped

by Apollyon. He would have retreated if he had not reflected that he had no armour for his back. Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the road, a fearful, complex demon, hideous, with the scales of a fish, wings of a dragon, feet of a bear, and mouth of a lion. He disputed with Christian, and reproached him with faint-heartedness and with the mistakes he had made on his journey. A battle ensued, which lasted half a day. When Christian was almost spent with wounds, Apollyon came to close quarters and wrestled with him, so that his sword flew out of his hand. Imagine the embrace of a scaly monster, out of whose belly came fire and smoke! But as God would have it (there is no further explanation), while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, his very last, to make a full end of him, Christian nimbly caught his sword and therewith dealt the fiend such a thrust that he spread his dragon wings, sped him away, and was seen no more. Christian's wounds were healed by a Hand which "came to him" with some of the leaves of the Tree of Life.

No sooner had Christian left the Valley of Humiliation than he found himself in another, the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The Way lay through the midst of it. Over it hung the "discouraging clouds of confusion"; it was "utterly without order," a land of unspeakable misery. The Delectable Mountains lying south on the clear horizon were blocked out here. The mouth of Hell stood hard by the narrow path, and Christian's sword was of no avail against the terrors and dangers with which he was now beset. The worst of the trials, recalling the *Grace Abounding*, was that he did not know his own voice, and the blasphemies which the wicked ones whispered to him he verily thought proceeded from himself. He had half a mind to go back, but he remembered "he had already vanquished many a danger."[1] By-and-by the day broke, and

[1] "O socii (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum),
O passi graviora, dabitDeus his quoque finem."
—*Æneid*, i. 198–9.

Another familiar passage in the *Æneid* is brought to recollec-

then said Christian, *He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning.* This is from the prophet Amos, and it may not be amiss to quote it with the context. *Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night: that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth: the Lord is His name, that strengtheneth the spoiled against the strong, so that the spoiled shall come against the fortress.*

After escaping from the Valley Christian overtook Faithful, who was also bound to the Celestial City. Faithful had met with dangers but

tion by the uselessness of Christian's sword against hellish horrors—

> "Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum
> Æneas, strictam que aciem venientibus offert;
> Et ni docta comes tenues sine corpore vitas
> Admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formae,
> Irruat, et frustra ferro diverberet umbras."
>
> —*Æneid*, vi. 290–4.

they were not Christian's. Madam Wanton nearly captured him, and he was also attacked by a certain Shame, quite misnamed, for he was a bold-faced rascal, and almost beat him off. Shame reproached him for his ignorance and "want of understanding in all natural science." Pilgrims were poor men of base and low estate, who were ridiculously prejudiced against the great because of a few vices. But Faithful bethought himself that he should be judged "according to the Wisdom and Law of the Highest" and that they who make themselves fools for the Kingdom of Heaven are wisest. As Faithful and Christian journeyed together they came up to Talkative, also bound heavenwards. He was desirous of relieving the weariness of the journey by conversation and was willing to discuss anything, "the History or Mystery of Things," or "Miracles, Wonders or Signs." He was eloquent upon Christian's favourite doctrine, the insufficiency of works, and our need of Christ's Righteousness. Faithful was rather taken with him, but Christian

knew him too well. He would chatter upon all these subjects on the ale-bench, and the more drink he had in his crown the more of these things he had in his mouth. "At the day of Doom," adds Christian, "men shall be judged by their fruits. It will not be said then, 'Did you believe?' but, 'Were you doers, or talkers only?'" This is a sentence not to be forgotten in our estimate of Bunyan's theology, and recalls the *Barren Fig-tree*. Faithful, at Christian's suggestion, put some searching questions to Talkative, who concluded therefrom that Faithful was "a melancholy man, not fit to be discoursed with," and left the company.

The Pilgrims now found themselves in Vanity Fair. Through that great city also ran the Way. All sorts of merchandise were sold in the Fair, "whores, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones and what not." It was a Fair of very ancient standing. The people in it were much excited when they saw the Pil-

grims, and there was a great hubbub. They were charged with creating the riotous confusion which was the work of their enemies, and remanded to the assizes. They were indicted for injuring the trade of the town, for causing commotions and divisions and for the propagation of "most dangerous opinions." Their trial we may take to be a picture of what Bunyan himself had seen and undergone. The judge was my Lord Hategood. Faithful was first brought to the bar. He protested that he was no disturber of the peace, and that those who had been converted by himself and Christian had been won solely "by beholding our truth and innocence." But he immediately began to preach open rebellion to Hategood's face. "As to the King you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels." This is exactly the position in which we found ourselves when Mr. Cobb visited Bunyan in gaol. Beelzebub ruled by the will of a large majority of the people of the land; and if Faithful and Christian refused to obey

him, they could not expect to escape punishment. They were perfectly prepared. Witnesses, after Faithful's declaration, were unnecessary, but they were brought. Mr. Envy stood forth, and began: "My Lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath, before this honourable Bench, that he is——" but the Judge stopped him. "Hold," he cried; "give him his oath." My Lord had a delicate conscience for the forms of justice, and would not for the world permit that a man's life should be taken away on unsworn evidence. Mr. Envy testified that he had heard the prisoner affirm that Christianity and the customs of the town of Vanity were diametrically opposite and could not be reconciled. Mr. Superstition and Mr. Pickthank followed for the prosecution, and when Faithful pleaded that he might be allowed to defend himself Hategood broke out against him and told him he did not deserve to live. Nevertheless he was permitted to speak, that all men might see the gentleness of the Court to him. He denied the accuracy of

Envy's evidence, but made his case worse than before, for he vowed "that the Prince of this town, with all the rabblement his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell than in this town and country; *and so the Lord have mercy on me.*" The Judge then charged the jury, and laid down the law. It was derived from sundry Acts passed in the days of Pharaoh the Great, Nebuchadnezzar the Great, and Darius. The Act of Pharaoh the Great was especially conclusive, inasmuch as it was preventive. The verdict, of course, was Guilty. Faithful was tortured and then burnt at the stake. A chariot and horses waited for him and took him up through the clouds to the Celestial City. Christian escaped and found a travelling companion in Hopeful, a convert through Christian's and Faithful's fidelity. They came up with Mr. By-ends, who waited for wind and tide, and who had married a very virtuous woman, a titled lady who had arrived "at such a pitch of breeding that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant."

He fell behind Christian and Hopeful, not being able to agree with them, and was overtaken by three of his friends, Hold-the-World, Money-love and Save-all. By-ends, for their better diversion, propounded a question for consideration. Suppose a poor minister, a worthy man, can get a better living by being more studious, by preaching more zealously and by altering a few of his principles, may he not do this honestly? By-ends opined that he might. His desire of the greater benefice is certainly lawful, and the wish to improve his parts is according to the mind of God. The compliance with the will of his people "by dissenting,[1] to serve them, some of his principles," argues "a self-denying temper, a sweet and winning deportment," and makes him generally more fit for his office. Hold-the-World, Money-love and Save-all were of one mind with By-ends, and they agreed to hear what Christian had to say

[1] So in the early editions, corrected by subsequent editors to "deserting," etc. The Oxford Dictionary, however, gives other examples of the word used transitively.

upon the subject. The discussion how far the minister might go would be a pleasant relief to the fatigues of the Way. But Christian utterly refused to debate the point; a "babe in religion" might settle it, and those who made their religion a stalking-horse were no better than "heathens, hypocrites, devils or witches."

A little further on Christian and Hopeful were accosted by a Mr. Demas, who invited them to share the profits of a silver mine which stood a little off the road. They would not go near it, although Demas protested he was one of their fraternity; but By-ends and his companions went at the first beck. Whether they fell into the pit, whether they went down to dig or were smothered in the bottom by damps is not known, but certainly they were never seen again.

By foolishly leaving the Way because it was rough, and taking to a by-path in a meadow, Christian and Hopeful fell in with Giant Despair of Doubting Castle, who put them in a grievous dungeon, where they lay from Wednesday morn-

ing till Saturday night (a touch reminding us of Defoe). It was dark, nasty and stinking, and they had nothing to eat or drink and no light. On Thursday the Giant battered them with a crab-tree cudgel. On Friday morning he came again and suggested suicide to them, and when they prayed to be let go he rushed on them to make an end of them. Fortunately, at that moment he fell into a fit, for sometimes "in sunshiny weather" he fell into fits and lost the use of his hand. Towards evening he once more visited his prisoners. They were barely alive, and he threatened them so dreadfully that Christian was willing to take his advice and kill himself. Hopeful comforted him by reminding him of his victories over Apollyon and the demons of the Valley of the Shadow, and of his brave behaviour in Vanity Fair. On Saturday morning the Giant had them into the castle yard and showed them the bones and skulls of those he had already dispatched. He declared that within ten days Christian and Hopeful should come to the same end,

and he then beat them all the way down to their horrible quarters. At midnight that same Saturday they began to pray, and a little before day on Sunday morning Christian exclaimed that he was a fool to have forgotten a key called Promise in his bosom, and he pulled it out. It opened the dungeon door and also the yard door. The lock of the outer gate went "damnable hard" but yielded. It creaked so badly that the Giant awoke and tried to pursue the Pilgrims. He failed, however, for he was again taken with a fit, and they were soon on the King's Highway and out of his jurisdiction. By the skin of their teeth had they escaped. That very Saturday night, when Mrs. Diffidence, the Giant's wife, and her husband, "were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners, and withal the old Giant wondered that he could, neither by his blows nor counsel, bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, 'I fear,' said she, 'that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them by

the means of which they hope to escape.' 'And sayest thou so, my dear?' said the Giant; 'I will therefore search them in the morning.'"

They reached the Delectable Mountains, where by means of a perspective glass they saw something like the gate of the Celestial City and the glory of it. They might have seen more, but their hands shook, for they were shown even from the Delectable Mountains a door in a hill, a by-way to Hell, and they heard the cries of the damned. They continued their journey, and Christian told Hopeful what happened to Little-Faith. He was making for the City and was attacked by three sturdy rogues, Faint-heart, Mistrust and Guilt. He was felled to the ground by Guilt; but the thieves hearing somebody on the road, and fearing lest it should be one Great-grace, took to their heels, leaving Little-Faith to "scrabble" on his way. He did not lose his jewels, but "the thieves got most of his spending money." Neither did he lose his certificate, but he did not make much use of it the rest of his pilgrimage, and indeed

almost forgot it, so dismayed was he that his money was gone. Hopeful thought that these three fellows were but cowards and that Little-Faith might have plucked up a greater heart, to which Christian replied that "although they are but journeyman thieves they serve under the King of the Bottomless Pit, who, if need be, will come in to their aid himself."

At last the Pilgrims reached the bank of the dread River. Christian had gone through four great perils, the Slough of Despond, the fight with Apollyon, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Doubting Castle. In the fight, as well as in the Valley and in the Castle, he no longer had the burden on his back. These four were his main trials, for the persecution in Vanity Fair was endured in triumph, and they all represent nearly the same trouble. The only reason which can be given for a fourfold description of it, is that it was felt so vividly. Bunyan understood the sorrow of sorrows which Love and Faith are not always able to overcome, the "blind thoughts we

know not nor can name." There was now one more terror to be vanquished, and, blessed be God, it was the last. The River must be crossed, but he was assured that he would find it deeper or shallower according as he believed in the King of the Place. Nevertheless, when he and Hopeful addressed themselves to go down into it, a grievous darkness and horror fell upon Christian; he could not see before him; in a great measure he lost his senses and was so dismayed with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits (even unto the end!) that Hopeful had much ado to keep his brother's head above water. The allegory nobly fails here. Bunyan could not sacrifice truth to a story. The burden had gone; Apollyon, when he was vanquished, spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that he was seen no more; the Slough, the Valley of the Shadow, and Doubting Castle had been passed, but the grievous darkness and horror of the Valley encompass Christian, and he almost loses his senses by devilish assaults, although he is within a stone's throw

Photo Mrs. Delves, Broughton.

Elstow Church, Showing the Detached Tower.

of heaven. Life is a conflict to the last, and this fact ought to be once for all admitted and constantly before us. We shall not be so disheartened if we do not expect that which has never been promised. When we get up in the morning we must say to ourselves that to-day will be as yesterday; the old tormenting thoughts and images will beset us till we are at peace in death.

It was soon at an end: Christian caught sight of the Lord Jesus, and the enemy after that was as still as a stone till they had gone over. Two Shining Ones received them on the other side. "Just as the gates were opened to let in the men," says Bunyan, "I looked in after them."

The second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is usually considered to be inferior to the first — on the whole it is so. But at many points it is by no means the worse.

Christiana, Christian's wife, with her children, left the City of Destruction because she desired to escape the Wrath to come and also because she wanted to see her husband, for "nature can

do no less but entertain the living with many a heavy cogitation in the remembrance of the loss of loving relations." She was disturbed also with thoughts of her "churlish carriages to him when he was under his distress." The ladies of the city set her down as a fool; Mrs. Bat's-eyes, as might be expected, was of opinion that her poor friend was blind. Christiana was not to be shaken, and a young woman, Mercy, was drawn to go with her. By looking well to the steps, they got through the Slough of Despond staggeringly, but much more easily than Christian. Another touch is added to the description of this great bog: there are many who pretend to be the King's labourers authorized to repair it, and they do but throw dirt and dung into it and make it fouler and deeper. Close to the wicket gate a great dog barked furiously and strove to prevent entrance. Mercy when she got inside the gate asked the keeper why he kept such a cruel beast. "That dog," replied he, "has another owner . . . but I take all at present patiently. I also

give my pilgrims timely help." Bunyan could say no more. At the Interpreter's house were shown the marvels that Christian saw, and also others, the most notable perhaps being the man with the muckrake, who could look no way but downwards and whose sole occupation was to rake up straws, small sticks, and dust of the floor, never for a moment turning his eyes to One above him who offered him a celestial crown for the muckrake. He is, of course, the "carnal mind"; but the similitude has other applications which easily suggest themselves.

The pilgrims were put in charge of Greatheart and continued their journey. On a gallows by the roadside, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption were hanging in irons. Christian had passed them, and then they were asleep. They were executed for beguiling travellers, amongst whom were Slow-pace, Short-wind, No-heart, Linger-after-lust, Sleepy-head and "a young woman, her name was Dull." Of this young woman it is much to be regretted that Bunyan did not give us a further

account. At the foot of the hill Difficulty the spring at which Christian drank was muddy, purposely stirred up by mischievous people who were not desirous that any should quench their thirst in it. Greatheart advised that the water should be put into a clean vessel and that they should wait "till the dirt had gone to the bottom." This they did and then drank thereof.

In the Valley of Humiliation there was no Apollyon: it was a pleasant place, "free from the noise and from the hurryings of this life, but Christiana saw her husband's blood on the stones and also some of the shivers of Apollyon's broken darts. The Valley of the Shadow of Death was not so terrible as it was to Christian, but it was bad enough. They heard a great groaning and the ground shook under them as if it were hollow. So it is indeed in that Valley, for it covers but with a thin crust the bottomless abyss. The children asked when they would be at the end of the doleful place, but Greatheart's answer vas to be of good courage and look well to their feet.

Christiana espied in front of them a thing of such a shape as she had never beheld before. Greatheart directed those who were afraid that they should keep close to him: the Fiend came on, but lo! "when it was just come to him, it vanished to all their sights." Mercy then, looking behind her, descried, as she thought, something most like a lion, and it came "a great padding pace after," and roared so loud that the Valley echoed, and all their hearts, save the heart of their guide, did ache. He put all his charge in front of him and addressed himself to give it battle, when it drew back and went no farther. They nearly tumbled into a pit cast up the whole breadth of the Way, and a great mist and darkness fell upon them. There they were stopped and heard "apparently the noise and rushing of the enemies" and discerned "the fire also and the smoke of the Pit." The marginal note is *Christiana now knows what her husband suffered.* "Many have spoke of it," cried she, "but none can tell what the Valley of the Shadow of Death

should mean, until they come in it themselves. The heart knows its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy." "This," replied Greatheart, "is like doing business in great waters, or like going down into the deep; this is like being in the heart of the sea, and like going down to the bottoms of the mountains. Now it seems as if the earth with its bars were about us for ever." Greatheart called on them to pray "for light to Him that can lighten our darkness, and that can rebuke, not only these, but all the Satans in hell. So they cried and prayed, and God sent light and deliverance, for there was now no let in their way, no, not there where but now they were stopped with a pit." The end, however, was not yet. They were annoyed with "great stinks and loathsome smells." Again one of the children anxiously inquired if the outlet were near, and again they were bidden look to their feet, a necessary command, for they were amongst snares. In the ditch on the left hand lay one Heedless, with his flesh all rent and torn, a warning, ob-

served Greatheart, "not to set out lightly on pilgrimage and to come without a guide." It was a wonder Christian escaped, "but he was beloved of his God, also he had a good heart of his own, or else he could never a done it." The Valley now began to open, but just as they were leaving it, they were confronted by Maul, a giant, who "did use to spoil young pilgrims with sophistry." The fight with him taxed all Greatheart's skill and strength. At the first blow he was struck down upon his knees. After an hour's struggle they were both so much exhausted that they had to rest. Greatheart betook himself to prayer, and when he was a little refreshed he felled the giant to the ground. "Nay, hold, and let me recover," quoth he. "So Mr. Greatheart fairly let him get up; so to it they went again; and the giant missed but little of all to breaking Mr. Greatheart's skull with his club." Greatheart, however, was able to pierce him under the fifth rib and put an end to him. His head was cut off and fixed on a pillar for the comfort and encourage-

ment of those who should follow. The generosity of Greatheart in allowing Maul a breathing space will be noticed. It may not be necessary to the allegory, but it is a picturesque stroke which is Bunyan's own. Perhaps he may have meant to show the unwisdom of forbearance with such an adversary. The battle with this well-nigh invincible sophist who spoiled young pilgrims was as severe as that with Apollyon, although Greatheart was an appointed champion, one of the immediate servants of the Most High. Under an oak an old pilgrim lay asleep. He was Mr. Honest, "a cock of the right kind," as Greatheart called him. He was born in the town of Stupidity, about four degrees beyond the "City of Destruction." Greatheart knew this town well: it was worse than the City itself. Honest admitted it was so. Stupidity lay northward, "more off from the sun." Did the young woman whose name was Dull hail from it? Honest was a man who had lived to some purpose. He had taken notice of many things. He could tell of

people who when they set out for Paradise "say positively, there is such a place, who when they have been almost there, have come back again and say there is none." He had learned at his time of life not "to bless himself with the mistake" that the decays of nature "are a gracious conquest over corruptions." It is Honest who gives us the character of Mr. Fearing, the principal figure in the Second Part of the *Pilgrim's Progress,* and perhaps in the whole of it. Every stroke in the drawing is firm and indicative. He lay at the Slough of Despond for above a month "till one sunshiny morning, I do not know how," says Bunyan, he ventured and got over. When he was over he would scarce believe it. He stood shaking and shrinking at the wicket gate, but would not go back again. "It would have pitied one's heart to have seen him." At the Interpreter's he was more comfortable. The lord of the place gave him a bottle of spirits and something to eat to help him on his journey. He passed the gibbet on which Simple, Sloth, and Presump-

tion were hanged, and doubted that it would be his end also, but he was glad and cheery at the sight of the cross and sepulchre, made no stick at the Hill Difficulty, nor did he much fear the lions. Greatheart conducted him to the House Beautiful and introduced him to the damsels there, but he remained "dumpish." He was never better than in the Valley of Humiliation and would lie down, embrace the ground, and kiss the flowers that grew there. In the Valley of the Shadow he was ready to die with fear, but Greatheart "took very great notice that this Valley was as quiet while he went through it as ever I knew it before or since." At Vanity Fair he would have fought with all the men in the Fair, so hot was he against their fooleries, and upon the Enchanted Ground was very wakeful. But at the River he was in a heavy case, for "now, now he should be drowned for ever and so never see that face with comfort that he had come so many miles to behold." This was the reason, or at any rate it is the only reason given, why he feared

"drowning" in death. It was remarkable that the River was lower at this time than it had ever been in the memory of man, and so he went over at last not much above wet-shod.

Honest declared that Fearing was one of the most troublesome pilgrims he ever met with in all his days, and indeed he must have required great patience. He was "dejected at every difficulty and stumbled at every straw that anybody cast in his way, and yet he could have 'bit a firebrand.'" Greatheart, if he had not been a guide of such experience, must have wondered that a man who was indifferent to lions would hide behind a screen when he was in company. Fearing undoubtedly lived in Bedford, and most likely was not much thought of there, a silly creature, a failure in business, never consulted, pushed aside by successful and superior people, and despised by women as well as by men. But the Interpreter "being very tender to them that are afraid . . . carried it wonderful lovingly to him." The Interpreter knew that there may be a meaning

in poor souls who mean nothing to their neighbours, and he also knew how to decipher it. Bunyan was so drawn to Fearing's type of character that he has three or four times repeated it with minor variations. We have Little-Faith in the First Part; and in the Second Part, Feeblemind, Ready-to-halt, Despondency, and Much-afraid his daughter. Feeble-mind belonged to the town of Uncertain, and was Fearing's nephew. He had his uncle's "whitely look" and cast of the eye; but the uncle was "a little shorter." Feeblemind was never well at home, and hoped he might be better if he went on pilgrimage. He had no strength of body, but he thought that if he could not walk he could crawl. At the house of the Interpreter he received much kindness, and because the Hill Difficulty was too much for him he was carried up by one of the servants. The travellers who passed him on the way told him that it was the will of the Lord that comfort should be given to such as he, "and so went on their *own* pace" (italics Bunyan's). He fell into

the hands of Slaygood, a cannibal monster. In the nick of time Greatheart, who had "walked into the fields" to see if he could do any good by ridding the country of a giant or two, came up and found Slaygood rifling Feeblemind with intent to pick his bones. Slaygood himself was slain after more than an hour's fighting. Feeblemind was brought to the inn and told his story—Slaygood had challenged him, and bid him make ready, but he confessed he had more need of a cordial. And yet when his enemy stood over him he "conceited" he would not be killed, no, not even when he was dragged into the den. He hesitated whether he should accompany Christiana and the others lest he should be an encumbrance, but Greatheart assured him that it was in his commission to support the feeble, and that he and those he escorted would be made all things to him rather than he should be left behind. How he behaved at the River we shall see. Mr. Ready-to-halt hobbled on crutches. Despondency and his daughter were discovered afterwards in the

dungeons of Giant Despair, and had been almost starved to death. The Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains invited Feeblemind, Ready-to-halt, Despondency, and Much-afraid to enter the Palace[1] first. "These," said the Shepherds, "we call in by name, for that they are most subject to drawback; but as for you, and the rest that are strong, we leave you to your wonted liberty." Bunyan, by his treatment of the incapable, the imperfect, and even diseased, shows that he has entered into the soul of Christianity, the gospel, not of the rights of the strong, but of the first few verses of the fifth chapter of Saint Matthew, the gospel of Jesus. Sharp definitions and contrasts of different religions are untrue and misleading, but nevertheless we may say that Christianity is distinguished by its protest against the natural tendency to idolize strength and success. What are the differences of our endowments to

[1] Bunyan has forgotten that there was no palace on the Delectable Mountains—nothing but tents. He may have been thinking of the House Beautiful.

Him from whom we all come and to whom we all return!

The townsfolk of Vanity now offered no molestation. Persecution had subsided. The second part of the *Progress* was written at some time between 1678 and 1685, when the nation was violently antipopish. Near Vanity was a dragon with seven heads and ten horns. It was attacked by Greatheart and other valiant worthies, and it "is verily believed by some that the beast will die of his wounds." Doubting Castle was reached, and Greatheart determined to make an attempt upon its master. Despair was not afraid, for "thought he, I have made a conquest of angels." Greatheart and his comrades had as much as they could do to put an end to him, for he had "as many lives as a cat," but he and his wife Diffidence were killed at last, and the castle was demolished. Despondency, and his daughter Much-afraid, as already said, were found in the dungeons, which were full of dead men's bones. On the Delectable Mountains a man was pointed out who "tum-

bled the hills about with words." He was there to teach those on the Way "how to believe down, or to tumble out of their ways what difficulties they shall meet with, by Faith." The marginal reference is to the verse in Saint Mark promising to faith the removal of mountains. A little farther on the party met Mr. Valiant-for-truth. His sword was drawn and his face was all bloody. He had fought with three thieves till his sword clave to his hand, and the blood ran through his fingers. He might have been overpowered, but, the old Bunyan lesson, they suddenly took to flight, hearing no doubt the tramp of Greatheart's horse. Valiant-for-truth was a native of Darkland. By chance a Mr. Tell-true came there, who acquainted him with Christian's adventures and his reception into the celestial city. Valiant-for-truth "fell into a burning haste" to follow, although his father and mother did all they could to dissuade him. They set before him the dangers and horrors of the expedition, and declared that Christian "was certainly drowned in the black

Photo Mrs. Delves, Broughton.

Pulpit in Elstow Church.

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River, and never went foot further, however it was smothered up." Greatheart naturally asked whether these things did not discourage him. It does not appear that he took any pains to examine the evidence for them: they seemed as "so many nothings." After hearing the other side he still believed Tell-truth, "and that," said he, "carried me beyond them all."

The last and perhaps the worst peril of the Way was the Enchanted Ground. It is described more fully than in the First Part. It was overgrown with briars and thorns, hard going for the feet; it was covered with a great mist and darkness, and it was a drowsy land. The mist and darkness were so thick that Greatheart "strook a light (for he never goes without his tinder-box)," and consulted his map. In the midst of the Ground was an arbour delicately furnished with benches, settles, and a soft couch, but if a man should rest thereon he will never wake again. In this arbour lay two men, Heedless and Too-bold, fast asleep, who could not be roused, but

talked nonsense when they were shaken. The Enchanted Ground has been supposed to be Bunyan's warning against the Declaration of Indulgence, but it is more probably intended as a picture of that deadly land in which distinction and differences vanish, and there is no speech excepting that of dreams and nightmares. Those that die here "die of no violent distemper. The death which such die is not grievous to them." Bunyan's genius puts the ground "nigh to the land Beulah and near the end of the Race." There it is that the cloud descends, there it is that eyesight and resolution begin to fail. In a few minutes "a wind arose that drove away the fog" (the same note as before), and the air cleared. They heard a solemn noise and beheld a man on his knees in prayer. Honest recognized him as Mr. Standfast. He had been accosted by Madam Bubble, "a tall, comely dame, something of a swarthy complexion" . . . "the mistress of the World," who would not be repulsed. Standfast was weary and sleepy, but had strength

enough to pray "with hands lift up," whereupon the "gentlewoman" departed. A gentlewoman! and yet a "bold and impudent slut . . . many has she brought to the halter, and ten thousand times more to hell."

The next stage was Beulah. It lay on the bank of the black River, but the sun shone there night and day, the bells were continuously ringing and trumpets sounding, for it was continuously visited by Shining Ones from the other side. Here those who were to cross the River waited for the "good hour." At the appointed time each received a message directing preparation. To Christiana was sent *an Arrow with a Point sharpened with Love.* She was quite calm, and entered the River with a beckon of farewell. The post came to Mr. Ready-to-halt, and to him the sign was *I have broken thy golden Bowl and loosed thy silver Cord.* At the brink he cried, "Now I shall have no more need of these crutches," and threw them away. The horn was sounded at Mr. Feeble-mind's door. His token was *Those that look out*

of the windows shall be darkened. His last words were "Hold out, Faith and Patience." The proof for Mr. Despondency was *The Grasshopper to be a Burden unto him.* He warned those around him against his "disponds and slavish fears. After his death they would offer themselves to others, but now he discerned that they were but "ghosts," and the doors are to be shut against them. He took leave with a *Farewell Night, welcome Day.* His daughter, Much-afraid, would not leave her father, and passed the River singing, "but none could understand what she said." The language may have been that of the land to which she was going. The authenticity of Mr. Honest's summons was verified by the text *All thy daughters of Music shall be brought low.* He would make no will. As for his honesty, it should go with him. The River had overflowed its banks, but Good-conscience met him and helped him through. Nevertheless, his dying utterance was *Grace reigns,* a very remarkable dying utterance from Honest with the

arms of Good-conscience underneath him. Mr. Valiant-for-truth found *that his Pitcher was broken at the Fountain.* "My sword," he proudly exclaimed, "I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battles, who now will be my rewarder." Last of all Mr. Standfast received his orders. "*Thy Wheel,*" said the messenger, "*is broken at the Cistern,*" and Mr. Standfast knew thereby that he was called by the King. There was a great calm on the day of his departure, and when he was half way in the River he talked to those who had accompanied him to the edge. "This River has been a terror to many, yea the thoughts of it also have often frighted me. But now, methinks, I stand easy, my foot is fixed upon that upon which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood while Israel went over this Jordan." The words of the book of Joshua are—*And it shall come to pass, as soon as the*

soles of the feet of the priests that bear the ark of the LORD, the Lord of all the earth, shall rest in the waters of Jordan, that the waters of Jordan shall be cut off from the waters that come down from above; and they shall stand upon an heap . . . And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the LORD stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan. Thus the flood of Death was held back as a wall from Mr. Valiant-for-truth. While he spoke, his countenance changed, the strong man bowed under him; he was heard to pray, "Take me, for I come unto thee," and then "he ceased to be seen of them." There is nothing in the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* greater than the closing passages of the second. They are very simple and restrained, but their grandeur and pathos can hardly be equalled in any English book except the Bible.

Bunyan takes it for granted that the life of a man who is redeemed by the grace of God is a pilgrimage to a better world. This, of course, is the leading thought in his book, and it is one

which we find most difficult to make our own. We can follow him through all the incidents of his journey; we know the Valley of Humiliation, the Valley of the Shadow, and Doubting Castle, but we are not sure, as he was sure, that the wayfarer will reach a celestial home at last. Upon this subject most of us will hesitate to speak. We may hope and we may even believe, but an unmistakable instinct warns us to be silent. Perhaps, however, without disobeying it, we may be permitted to say almost in a whisper, that a man who has passed from youth to age cannot naturally rest in the sad conviction that what he has learned is to go for nothing, and that in no sense is there any continuance for him. Our faith may have no demonstrable foundation, and yet it may be a refuge for us. Our lives are shaped by so-called dreams.

THE "LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. BADMAN."

THE *Life and Death of Mr. Badman* was published in 1680. It is a Pilgrim's Progress to hell, the biography of a sinner, a fair specimen of a large class with which Bunyan was well acquainted in Bedford town. He was terrified at the dissoluteness of the times. It was "above the tops of the mountains. It had corrupted our young men, made our old men beasts, deflowered our virgins and made matrons bawds." Nor was this the only vice which everywhere prevailed. There was a general looseness of all moral obligation, *dissoluteness* etymologically, and men atheistically questioned whether there was any reason for doing good stronger than for doing evil. Bunyan, in a passage of awful and unsurpassable elo-

quence, sets forth how it lay upon him to proclaim the word spoken to him, and thus concludes: "In and by this outcry I shall deliver myself from the ruins of them that perish: for a man can do no more in this matter—I mean a man in my capacity—than to detect and condemn the wickedness, warn the evil-doer of the judgment, and fly therefrom myself." It weighed him down, that he could do so little, that even in Bedford he could not lower the flood of iniquity by an inch, and that the world would have been nearly the same if he had never been born. But he knew that with results he had nothing to do. He was to "deliver" the word with which he had been entrusted and leave it. The *Life and Death* must have been very close to facts, for he gives reasons for concealing real names.

Badman was a master sinner from childhood, although his parents were virtuous. He was a brazen-faced liar. The devil is the father of lies, and therefore "that soul that telleth a known lie, has lien with and conceived it by lying with

the devil."[1] Badman was also a thief, who stole from his father. Bunyan diverges to tell that story about "old Tod," which so much struck Browning that he turned it into a poem, calling it "Ned Bratts." "At a summer assizes at Hertford about the year 1660 or a little before," says Bunyan, "old Tod came into court in a green suit, with his leathern girdle in his hand, his bosom open and all on a dung sweat, as if he had run for his life." He broke out into vehement self-accusation that he was the veriest rogue upon the face of the earth, and that he had been privy for years to all the robberies in those parts.[2] The

[1] Young Badman was flogged for lying, and Bunyan's editor, Mr. Offor, for once protests. "After bringing up a very large family," he says, "who are a blessing to their parents, I have yet to learn what part of the human body was created to be beaten."

[2] According to Browning, the presiding judge was a "Chief Justice Jukes." We have had no Chief Justice of that name. In 1866 the Reverend John Jukes died, who had been minister of Bunyan meeting-house for twenty-six years. Browning had probably heard of Mr. Jukes, and when he published *Ned Bratts*

judges at first thought him mad, but, after consultation, agreed to hang Tod, together with his wife, who accompanied him. According to Browning, Ned Bratts was executed after the publication of the *Pilgrim's Progress,* but Bunyan puts the date "twenty years ago or more." He does not say whether Tod was damned. We may hope with some confidence that he was not.

Badman swore terribly. Bunyan is put to it to know why men swear, and thinks it may be because they imagine that they show themselves valiant, or gentlemanlike; or more probably the devil, knowing it to be wrong, prompts them to do it. Badman also was guilty of cursing, that is to say, sentencing men to evil unjustly—a grievous sin, for it implies scorn and contempt for the image of God. He was apprenticed to a good master, who gave him good books to read,

the name Jukes was in his head, but he had forgotten how it came there. That a Carolinian Chief Justice sentencing his "two dozen odd" should be a Jukes is very comical to those who remember the worthy pastor.

but Badman preferred beastly romances such as "set all fleshly lusts on fire," and he sought the company of scoundrels like himself, who speedily made him "an arch" in all their ways. "An ill hap," observes Mr. Attentive, who listens to the story as told by Mr. Wiseman. "You must rather word it thus," replies Mr. Wiseman, "it was the judgment of God. . . . God chose his delusions and deluders for him, even the company of base men, of fools, that he might be destroyed." He became a drunkard and a whoremaster, and Bunyan gives some horrible examples of the penalties inflicted even in this world upon drunkenness and uncleanness. He ran away from his master and engaged himself to one as bad as himself. He was now "a sinner in grain." He went into business on his own account, but got into debt, and his creditors threatened him. He was somewhat sick of his pleasures; for the devil had "rid him almost off his legs." He therefore determined to turn pious and marry a rich, godly wife. A short time after the marriage he turned

back to his old courses, and treated her with great cruelty. He then became bankrupt in most modern style. All the property he possessed was secured in such a way that his creditors could not touch it. Bunyan expands in three chapters upon Badman's methods of doing business and on the tricks of trade. He takes for one of his texts those passionate words of the herdman of Tekoa: "Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small and the shekel great and falsifying the balances by deceit? That we may buy the poor for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes: yea, and sell the refuse of the wheat? The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob, Surely I will never forget any of their works."

Badman had deceitful weights, one set by which he bought and another by which he sold, and he could use sleight of hand. It is an affliction to Bunyan that this abominable cheating, "plain

robbery," should be practised by Christians, although it is loathed by heathens who have not the word of God. One of the reasons why the sin is so heinous is that the poor suffer so severely by it. An ounce in the pound is nothing to the rich, but it is much to the poor man. "God shall weigh and judge you," cries Bunyan. The sentence will be "Tekel, thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." . . . Thou "shalt be shut out from His kingdom for ever and ever." Let there be no plea of custom for fraud, he adds, as if he had in view a common defence against prosecution under the Adulteration Acts of to-day. "Shall that acquit you before the tribunal of God?" Nay, judgment may be expected even in this life. "Fluster and huff, and make ado for a while the cheat may, but God hath determined that both he and his prosperity shall melt like grease." Badman mixed his goods the worst with the best, so that the worst might go off without mistrust, and would infallibly demand payment twice if he knew that a sufficient receipt could not

be produced. He was an extortioner, that is to say, he "screwed from men more than by the law of God or men is right." Bunyan gives us two chapters on political economy. As might be expected, it is not scientific. It is the political economy of the Prophets and the New Testament. Extortion, which in Bunyan's examples is nothing more than getting as much as you can for what you have to sell, is a sin which excludes from the Kingdom of God. He may talk nonsense, but he certainly is in accord with his Bible, which not only assumes that there is such a thing as extortion, but awards the heaviest punishment to it. In Ezekiel it is one of the transgressions of the "bloody city," and classed with incest. It is included in Saint Paul's list of unnatural and devilish sins. A poor body, says Bunyan, lives miles from a market, so that it costs him a day's wages of eightpence or tenpence to go thither. He asks his master or his mistress to let him have at a reasonable rate out of their store what he wants and they can spare. They give it to him, but

make him pay "as much or more for it at home as they can get when they have carried it five miles to a market, yea, and that too for the refuse of their commodity. But in this the women are especially faulty, in the sale of their butter and cheese, etc. Now, this is a kind of extortion: it is a making a prey of the necessity of the poor, it is a grinding of their faces." These last words are Isaiah's, and he prophesies that for this crime "the Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of His people, and the princes thereof."

The hucksters who buy by wholesale and sell by retail "after a stinging rate" are also sinners, and, once more, it is because the poor man is robbed that the guilt is especially great. Then there are the usurers and those "vile wretches called pawnbrokers," who trade upon helplessness. This is rough treatment. Hucksters, usurers, and pawnbrokers would not exist if there were no demand for them; but again Bunyan might have supported himself on his Bible. The man who was to abide in the Lord's tabernacle would *not*

Photo Mrs Delves, Broughton.

Bell in the Detached Belfry of Elstow Church.

be he "who putteth out his money to usury," and the usurer "shall gather his substance or him that will pity the poor." Mr. Attentive asks why "it is not lawful for a man to make the best of his own." Mr. Wiseman selects a few out of a multitude of reasons why he is not justified in so doing. They are nearly all Scriptural. If he sells as dear as he can he takes advantage of his neighbour's ignorance, necessity, or folly. No man is to go beyond his brother in any matter. That is enough. Bunyan propounds the amazing doctrine that "a man in dealing should really design his neighbour's good, profit, and advantage as "his own," and that if God has given him more understanding than his fellows it should be used for their protection. Mr. Attentive correctly replies that "were some men to hear you they would laugh you to scorn," and that there "is no settled price set by God upon any commodity." Mr. Wiseman seems unable to dispute this point; he turns aside from it, but he prays Mr. Attentive if corn should rise and he has a stock, not to

rejoice but to grieve, and "let the poor have a pennyworth." Bunyan knew that a time comes when we have to clap the extinguisher on dialectics and obey a surer guide. Am I to take what I can get for the store in my granary if the city is besieged and people are living on rats? If my neighbour is in sore need of fifty pounds ought I to accept twenty per cent. for it if he is willing to pay it?

Bunyan's scale of iniquity was not ours. Vanity is to him a deadly sin. Badman was proud, but when his wife rebuked him he taunted her with the pride of her religious companions. Bunyan was evidently alarmed at the departure of his friends from simplicity. Women who were Church members were "decked and bedaubed with fangles and toys." He "once talked with a maid by way of reproof for her fond and gaudy garment. But she told me 'the tailor would make it so'; when, alas, poor proud girl, she gave order to the tailor so to make it." The children of God should be a church, clearly distinguishable

outwardly as well as inwardly from the world. He says that he knows not of any two gross sins which stick closer to nature than pride and uncleanness. It is interesting to notice why he denounces pride with such fervour. It was because it is a sign that self is the centre. The man who thinks exclusively of himself cannot pray; he cannot hearken to God's word with reverence and fear: he has forgotten the great God in His holiness. If we saw Him before us, we could take "little pleasure in apish knacks." Another of Badman's sins, "among the foulest villainies . . . rotting the very bones of him in whom it dwells," was envy. Bunyan quotes Matthew xxvii. 18 to show what he means: "For he knew that for envy they had delivered Him." It is a certain malignant hatred of good, the lowest conceivable depth of wickedness. Its root is ignorance. For this we are usually held not to be accountable, but to Bunyan, whether we are accountable or not was not worth debate. It was "ignorance" which preferred Barabbas to Jesus.

Mr. Badman, when he was drunk, tumbled off his horse and broke his leg. His conscience smote him a little, but became quiet as his leg grew better. He fell very sick, and again repented and was alarmed, for he thought he was going to die. But he recovered and his fright disappeared. Bunyan thinks his doctor was much to blame, for he persuaded his patient that his fear of hell was one of the effects of his distemper and due to "ill vapours in the brain." His poor wife died, worn out with disappointment and cruel treatment. After some time he was snared in his drink by a very different kind of woman, one who was akin to him in all his vices, who would curse him and give him blow for blow. They "brought their noble to ninepence," he among his companions and she among hers, and Badman's evil life at last caused him "to moulter away, and he went when set a-going rotten to his grave." He did not repent, and had a quiet end. Badman was drawn from life, and Bunyan would not alter the facts in order to be more impressive. He admits that

such a death is a "staggering dispensation." But although the wicked "go and go, and go on peaceably from youth to old age, and thence to the grave, and so to hell without noise, *they go as an ox to the slaughter, and as a fool to the correction of the stocks;* that is, both senselessly and securely. O! but being come at the gates of hell!"

Bunyan again preaches the Law. Badman was lost because he did not reform. Godly ministers visited him "even of love to convince him of his evil life, that he might have repented and have obtained mercy." It is a Law which is directed against definite transgressions. Bunyan was not afraid to tell his friends at Bedford that if they did this or that particular evil deed they would be damned.

THE "HOLY WAR"

In 1682 the *Holy War* was published. Here, as in the *Pilgrim's Progress,* Bunyan writes his own history and that of all human beings to whom life is more than silly sport. This will be apparent without any interpretation if, as before, we simply follow him. Mansoul was a town built by Shaddai to be his own dwelling place. It was defended by walls in which were five gates, Eargate, Eyegate, Mouthgate, Nosegate and Feelgate, and in the centre of it was a glorious castle. Diabolus was a mighty giant, king of the blacks or negroes, who once was a prince in Shaddai's court. Envious of the honour conferred on Shaddai's son, Diabolus rebelled with a vast number of his friends. They were therefore bound in chains and cast into a pit. Without any explanation we are informed that they obtained freedom

so far that they were enabled to roam about the Universe and discover Mansoul. They determined to possess it in order to revenge themselves on Shaddai. A council of war was held and it was resolved that Diabolus should take the form of a dragon, a beast which in those days was quite familiar, and in this shape obtain entrance to Mansoul and betray it. He appeared before the town with all his host invisibly attending him and made an oration, in which he enlarged on the glory of Freedom, and told the inhabitants that they would prove themselves slaves if they submitted to a prohibition against eating an apple. Suddenly Captain Resistance, an officer indispensable to Mansoul's safety, was shot dead. Mr. Ill-pause, the orator of Diabolus, stepped forward and supported him in a short speech. Before he had finished the Lord Innocency also fell dead, either from a shot, or qualm, or, as Bunyan thinks more probable, overcome by Ill-pause's stinking breath. These two being out of the way, Mansoul ate the apple, became drunk, and yielded up

town and citadel to Diabolus. He remodelled the corporation, deposing the Lord Understanding from the office of Lord Mayor and also the Recorder, Mr. Conscience, who became nearly but never quite reconciled to the usurper and occasionally thundered at him. My Lord Will-be-Will, a very high-born person, who "was as much if not more a freeholder than many of them were," Diabolus altogether debauched. The Diabolonian Lord Mayor was my Lord Lustings, and the Recorder was Mr. Forgetgood. New burgesses and aldermen were also admitted, amongst whom were Mr. Incredulity and Mr. Atheism. The Bedford Corporation had just surrendered its charter to the King, and burgesses had been enrolled whom Bunyan well knew.

The news of Mansoul's defection was brought to Shaddai's court. The difficulties into which the allegory falls at this point will be considered later on. It was decreed that an army should be sent to rescue Mansoul, but that this first expedition should not be under the command of Emman-

uel but of his servants, Captains Boanerges, Conviction, Judgment and Execution. Their forces sat down before Mansoul, and Captain Boanerges summoned it to surrender. After some useless attempts to obtain a hearing, Incredulity, who had succeeded Lustings as Mayor, appeared on the wall, but Boanerges refused to deliver his message to him, and inquired for the old Lord Mayor, Lord Understanding. The marginal note is "Boanerges refuses to make Incredulity a judge of what he had to deliver to the famous town of Mansoul." The summons was in vain. By what right, asked Incredulity, does Shaddai order you to make war upon us? Shaddai's captains would not answer, and the siege began. Mansoul was much distressed, and Diabolus had his rest broken. Conditions were proposed under which Mansoul would admit the authority of Emmanuel, but they were ridiculous, and at once rejected. Diabolus, who apparently had regained his health and courage, was so satisfied with Incredulity's conduct of the negotiations that he promised him the post of

Universal Deputy, and that all nations should submit to him. But Mansoul was not altogether content. My Lord Understanding and Mr. Conscience, as the marginal note says, "set the soul in a hubbub." My Lord Understanding raised the cry that neither Incredulity, who as Mayor strove to restore order, nor his Prince Diabolus, were natives of Mansoul, and there was something like a mutiny which was not suppressed without bloodshed. The captains with their engines made many brave attempts to enter Mansoul, but were unsuccessful, and entrenched themselves in winter quarters. It was then agreed to send a letter to the Sovereign confessing partial failure and requesting help. Emmanuel offered to head another army; his offer was accepted, and presently Mansoul was invested. When Diabolus saw the preparations for assault he judged it best to treat for peace and Mr. Loth-to-stoop was sent to Emmanuel. "After a Diabolonian ceremony or two" the envoy delivered his terms. Two are particularly worth notice. Diabolus would depart

provided that he might, "when he came into this country for old acquaintance sake, be entertained as a wayfaring man for two days or ten days, or a month or so." If this should be denied, he nevertheless would yield, and would not personally visit the town again, "if his friends and kindred in Mansoul might have liberty to trade in the town, and to enjoy their present dwellings." Mr. Loth-to-stoop was sent back with a blank refusal, and the attack began. Much execution was done on the army of Diabolus, and he tried another parley. He came down to the gate one evening "a good while after the sun had gone down," and propounded a notable scheme. He would reform if Emmanuel would appoint him to be his Viceroy. He would then persuade the Mansoulians to receive Emmanuel for their Lord, "and I know," said he, "that they will do it the sooner when they shall understand that I am thy Deputy." He would also at his own cost set up a sufficient ministry and lecturers to teach Mansoul the Holy Law. Emmanuel, of course, was not to be de-

ceived, and took the opportunity of explaining to his great Enemy that Mansoul could never, by obedience to the Law, redeem itself from the curse which followed a single infraction of it. So far as redemption was concerned, the observance was "*just nothing at all.*" It is curious what a charm this little bit of Calvinistic logic had for Bunyan and how frequently he repeats it. He must teach it to the very Devil.

The fight was renewed; Eargate was forced and Diabolus retreated to the Castle. The Castle gate was beaten to splinters, and Emmanuel entered the town. Diabolus was chained to the Prince's chariot-wheels, but for some reason which Bunyan does not give his life was spared and he was turned out of the camp "to inherit the parched places in a salt land, seeking rest, but finding none." Four petitions for mercy were sent by Mansoul to the Prince, but the answers returned were dark and the Mansoulians were "struck into their dumps." My Lord Understanding, Mr. Conscience and my Lord Will-be-

Will, who had been put in prison, were summoned to the camp. They went with ropes round them and in fetters. Admitted to Emmanuel's presence, they fell on the ground before him. Asked whether they were the men who did suffer themselves to be corrupted by Diabolus, they replied, "We did more than suffer it, Lord; for we chose it of our own mind." Asked again if they did not heartily wish that Emmanuel might be defeated, the answer was, "Yes, Lord, yes," and they confessed that they deserved both "death and the deep." But "lo! the music that was in the upper region sounded melodiously," and the Prince, without a word of reproof, forgave their trespasses, took away their ropes, presented them with jewels of gold and precious stones and put chains of gold about their necks. Bunyan's description of unreserved admission of wrong-doing and ingratitude, and of equally unreserved forgiveness, sinking the transgression beyond sight, as the Atlantic hides a stone cast into it, is not much below the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and the parable

of the prodigal son. "Do they use," cried Mansoul, "to show such kind favours to traitors? No! this is only peculiar to Shaddai and unto Emmanuel His son," and Mansoul was right. The Prince entered the town in triumph. Lord Understanding again became Lord Mayor; Lord Will-be-Will took charge of the gates and the militia; Mr. Knowledge was appointed Recorder, and old Mr. Conscience, the former Recorder, had a place assigned to him of which we shall hear further particulars.

A court was assembled to try the prisoners. They were true Diabolonian rascals, Mr. Atheism, Mr. Pitiless, old Mr. Incredulity and the like, but the jury was certainly packed against them. The verdict of Mr. Hate-bad, Mr. Heavenly-mind, Mr. Upright and his friends might easily have been foreseen. Some of the Diabolonians denied their names. They were not the men they were taken to be. Mr. False-peace declared he was not False-peace but Peace, and Mr. Pitiless that his accusers were totally mistaken,

for he was really Mr. Cheerup. Others were boldly unrepentant. Mr. Haughty it is impossible not to respect. He had "always been a man of courage and valour, and had not used, when under the greatest clouds, to sneak or hang down the head like a bulrush." "He did not consider who was his foe, nor what the cause was in which he was engaged. 'Twas enough for him if he carried it bravely, fought like a man and came off a victor." All the accused were found guilty and were executed, with the exception of old Mr. Incredulity, "the very worst of all the gang," who escaped, ranged over those "dry places" into which Diabolus had been dismissed, and at last found his master on Hellgate Hill.

Emmanuel, as a special favour to Mansoul, made one of their townsmen a captain. His name was Experience. His colours were white and his escutcheon was the dead lion and dead bear. "David said, Moreover, the Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand

of this Philistine." Bunyan had known Captain Experience intimately. He had been specially useful to him in covering retreat when the battle had gone against him, and in night attacks by his infernal foes.

A new constitution was granted to Mansoul. The Lord Chief Secretary, that is to say the Holy Ghost, was to remain in it, and Mr. Conscience, formerly Recorder, was appointed Subordinate Preacher. He was to teach the moral virtues, civil and natural duties, and to confine himself thereto. He was not to consider it his office to reveal high and supernatural mysteries. These were to be disclosed by the High Secretary alone. The Subordinate Preacher, as a native of Mansoul, was acquainted with the laws and customs of the Corporation. The Lord High Secretary was a native of another city and knew the things thereof and the will of its King. Emmanuel told the Subordinate Preacher, "Because thou art old and through many abuses made feeble; therefore I give thee leave and license to

Photo Mrs. Delves, Broughton

The Moot Hall on Elstow Village Green.

go when thou wilt to my fountain, my conduit, and there to drink freely of the blood of my grape, for my conduit doth always run wine. Thus doing, thou shalt drive from thy heart and stomach all foul, gross, and hurtful humours. It will also lighten thine eyes, and will strengthen thy memory for the reception and keeping of all that the King's most noble Secretary teacheth." Mr. Conscience's health was improvable by celestial liquor and without it he was a poor creature.

The Prince warned Mansoul to search out all the Diabolonians and put them to death. They had hidden themselves in holes in the town-walls and a thorough riddance of them could not be made unless the walls were pulled down. This was forbidden. Mansoul was now regenerate as far as it could be while Diabolonian "skulkers" continued to live in it; Emmanuel was in the Castle, the Mansoulians were clothed by him in white robes, which were to be worn daily, but girded up from the ground so that they might not "lag with dust and dirt." Diabolonian False-peace was

crucified, Mr. God's-peace was appointed Governor of the castle and town and was to be supreme over my Lord Understanding, my Lord Will-be-Will, Mr. Conscience, Mr. Mind, over every other official and all the citizens. He was not a Mansoulian, but came in Emmanuel's train.

Here the Holy War ought to have ended had it been mere invention, but Bunyan did not invent, and the history of his own Mansoul was not finished in this wise. There was a certain half-bred Diabolonian in the town, Mr. Carnal-Security. He acquired so much influence in it that it cared no longer to communicate with Emmanuel who withdrew to the Court. Mr. God's-peace also laid down his commission. Before Emmanuel went away, being much grieved at the defection of Mansoul, he sent the Lord High Secretary, who it is to be remembered was the Holy Ghost, twice thither, and he found Mansoulians "at dinner in Mr. Carnal-Security's parlour." They were not willing "to reason about matters concerning their good," and therefore he departed

much grieving. It may be difficult at first to understand why Mr. Carnal-Security should have played such an important part in the ruin of Mansoul. Why not my Lord Lasciviousness, or that "horrible villain, the old and dangerous Lord Covetousness," who afterwards was one of the chief conspirators in the restoration of Diabolus. It is not, however, meaningless that Mansoul fell by a spiritual and not by a sensual vice, that is to say by security in self, independence of the visitations and guidance of the Most High. The Diabolonians lurking in Mansoul now laid their heads together and sent a message to their lord, pointing out that the recapture of the town would be easy, partly because of Emmanuel's withdrawal, and partly by reason of a grievous sickness which had greatly enfeebled the natives but had not touched the true Diabolonians. After some debate a singular device was adopted. Certain clever Diabolonians changed their names, disguised themselves in sheep's russet, as white as the robes of Mansoul then were, and hired themselves

as servants in it. The "horrible villain, the old and dangerous Lord Covetousness" called himself Prudent-Thrifty and was taken by Mr. Mind. The corruption of Mansoul went on apace and Diabolus enlisted an army of between twenty and thirty thousand Doubters as the most capable of his subjects to overthrow Mansoul. It was proposed that the assault should be made on market day. "Take heed, Mansoul," is the marginal note to "market day." Old Incredulity was made general because there was "none truer than he to the Tyrant." There were several kinds of Doubters, Election-Doubters, Vocation-Doubters, Grace-Doubters, etc.[1] The army set out on its march and encamped before Mansoul, but the plot had been discovered and the fortifications put

[1] "Figures," says Mr. Froude, "now gone to shadow; then the deadliest foes of every English Puritan soul." Not quite true. The quantity and quality of the deadly stuff which to Bunyan was "Election-doubt," "Vocation-doubt," "Grace-doubt," remains the same under other forms from age to age.

in order. The "roaring" of the Diabolonian drum was an especial terror to the inhabitants. It was generally beaten at nights, and "no noise was ever heard upon earth more terrible, except the voice of Shaddai when he speaketh." Mansoul prayed Emmanuel time after time for assistance, but with no effect. Nevertheless it held out bravely and exterminated all the Diabolonians on whom it could lay hands. Prudent-Thrifty had begotten two children, Gripe and Rake-all, on Mr. Mind's bastard daughter. Mr. Mind hanged them, and the "townsmen took great encouragement at this act."

Mansoul was victorious in its first battle and ventured a night attack, a piece of folly, thinks Bunyan, inasmuch as Mansoul was always at its worst in the night and Diabolus at his best. Mansoul was beaten. Diabolus entered and the Doubters swarmed over it, killing every body they met, yea "children yet unborn." The marginal note is "good and tender thoughts." The castle held out, and at last, after "about two years and

a half," a gracious answer was received from Emmanuel to a petition despatched through the Lord High Secretary. Diabolus heard of it and called a council of war, whose opinion was that it would be good strategy to withdraw a short distance outside the walls, and endeavour to increase the internal weakness in the town. Diabolonians feigning themselves traders were to bring their wares to market and offer them at half their worth. Mansoul would be tempted, would grow rich, would neglect the castle watch, nay, "might make of their castle a warehouse," and by sudden storm it might be taken. But just as this "master-piece of hell" had been concocted a message came from Emmanuel that on the third day at sunrising or dawn he would appear with an army in the field and meet the forces of Mansoul under Captain Credence. He came; Diabolus was defeated and most of his army slain, but the Princes and Captains and old Incredulity escaped. Emmanuel re-entered Mansoul with colours displayed and trumpets sounding.

Diabolus determined upon another attempt, and his army this time was made up of ten thousand Doubters and fifteen thousand Bloodmen. The Bloodmen were of three sorts: those that did ignorantly what they did, those that did superstitiously what they did, and those that "did what they did out of spite and implacableness." Mansoul was once more besieged, and Emmanuel appointed a new Captain, a young man named Self-denial, a Mansoulian like Captain Experience. The marginal note is "Captain Self-denial, the last of those that were put in office in the town of Mansoul." In the great fight on the plain Emmanuel was victorious, but some of the Doubters were not captured. Those of the Bloodmen who were taken and asked for mercy were pardoned; those who were unrepentant were bound over to answer at "the great and general assizes of the Universe."

Strict search was made for concealed Diabolonians. One of them, Evil-questioning, was "a very great enemy to Mansoul and a great doer

among the Diabolonians there." He harboured Doubters. He was arrested, but at his trial, like some of his predecessors, denied his name and protested he was Mr. Honest-inquiry. The evidence proved that he was really Evil-questioning, not Honest-inquiry, and he was crucified with the guests he had entertained. Carnal-sense also was apprehended, but "brake prison and made his escape; yea, and the bold villain will not yet quit the town, but lurks in the Diabolonian dens a-days, and haunts, like a ghost, honest men's houses a-nights." Neither could Mr. Unbelief be captured. He was a "nimble jack," and contrived to dwell in Mansoul till it ceased to remain in the Universe. With a speech from Emmanuel warning Mansoul to be watchful—"hold fast till I come"—the *Holy War* ends.

It is impossible to assign any time within which the *Holy War* is included if we consider it as a connected allegory. When Diabolus first appeared before Mansoul he pointed to the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and strove to in-

duce Mansoul to eat. Captain Resistance and my Lord Innocence being dead, Mansoul yielded. Emmanuel, in his reply to Diabolus when he is master of the town, says, "Wherefore, when Mansoul had sinned indeed by hearkening to thy lie, I put in and became a surety to my Father, body for body, and soul for soul, that I would make amends for Mansoul's transgressions; and my Father did accept thereof. So, when the time appointed was come, I gave body for body, soul for soul, life for life, blood for blood, and so redeemed my beloved Mansoul." Again, when Emmanuel finally left Mansoul—"I have also, that all things that might hinder thy way to the pleasures of Paradise might be taken out of the way, laid down for thee, for thy soul, a plenary satisfaction, and have bought thee to myself; a price not of corruptible things, as of silver and gold, but a price of blood, mine own blood, which I have freely spilled upon the ground to make thee mine. . . . O my Mansoul, I have lived, I have died. I live and will die no more for thee.

I live, that thou mayest not die. Because I live, thou shalt live also. I reconciled thee to my Father by the blood of my cross, and being reconciled thou shalt live through me." But in the *Holy War* we see nothing of the Incarnation, Crucifixion and Ascension. There is in fact no unity of time or action in it, and we must consider it simply as a series of pictures representing struggles which may take place in the soul, and did especially take place in the soul of Bunyan. The poem *To the Reader,* is precise on this point.

> For my part, I (myself) was in the town,
> Both when 'twas set up and when pulling down.
> I saw Diabolus in his possession,
> And Mansoul also under his oppression,
> Yea, I was there when she own'd him for Lord,
> And to him did submit with one accord.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Let no men, then, count me a fable-maker,
> Nor make my name or credit a partaker
> Of their derision: what is here in view,
> Of mine own knowledge, I dare say is true.

I saw the Prince's armèd men come down
By troops, by thousands, to besiege the town;
I saw the Captains, heard the trumpets sound,
And how his forces covered all the ground.
Yea, how they set themselves in battle 'ray
I shall remember to my dying day.

There are many obvious defects in the *Holy War* besides lack of unity; more even than in the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. We find in it no such flesh-and-blood creatures as Mr. Fearing and Mr. Talkative. There is no necessity in many of the details. When Mansoul is besieged by Boanerges and his captains one shot kills six of the aldermen, namely Messrs. Swearing, Whoring, Fury, Stand-to-lies, Drunkenness and Cheating. It is difficult to see why these six in particular should have been slain, and they surely must soon have risen from the dead. Emmanuel's captains in his first expedition are Credence, Goodhope, Charity, Innocence, and Patience. The appointment of the first three is comprehensible, but what claims have the last two

above other Christian virtues? Why also should Captain Innocency be quartered with Mr. Reason and Captain Patience with Mr. Mind? The characters, if there are any, overlap in every direction. Lord Will-be-Will, who is such an indefinable entity in metaphysics, is much more indefinite in Mansoul. Mr. Mind is his lieutenant. Diabolus and his legions are driven into horrible pits and bound with chains, but they break loose, and from their talk and behaviour we should never conjecture that they were everlastingly tortured in brimstone fire. Diabolus finishes a letter to his friends in Mansoul by wishing they may be "as hellishly prosperous as we desire to be ourselves," and Deadman's bell is rung "for joy" on receipt of a message from Mansoul inviting Diabolus to return. Inconsistency of this latter kind is also to be found in *Paradise Lost*. Milton and Bunyan are both compelled to modify the dreadful sentence before they can move.

Emmanuel at the close retires to his distant

court, but having inhabited Mansoul and finally recovered it from Diabolus, he ought not to leave. He tries to explain to Mansoul why so many Diabolonians after his departure are suffered to remain in it. Their stay is permitted to keep Mansoul awake, to try its love, to cause it to prize Emmanuel's captains and officers, and to remind it of the deplorable condition in which it once was. Mansoul might have replied with some justice that it would rather dispense with this training, and that the simpler plan would be to exterminate the Diabolonians. Stranger still they are to live, because, "O my Mansoul, should I slay all them within, many there be without that would bring thee into bondage; for were all these within cut off, those without would find thee sleeping, and then, as in a moment, they would swallow up my Mansoul. I therefore left them in thee, not to do thee hurt (the which they yet will, if thou hearken to them and serve them), but to do thee good, the which they must, if thou watch and fight against them." Usually Bunyan gives

us his own and consequently our experience, but this passage is almost unintelligible. By conflict with our evil passions we are to be saved from the devils of the pit far away! Bunyan, in much perplexity, and resolved not to give up his belief that God does everything for the best, is driven to forced and foreign explanation. Yet he is not wholly wrong, for he saw that although Mansoul might be governed by the Lord High Secretary, Diabolonians could not be completely destroyed. He is unable to hit upon the true reason, but he acknowledges the fact. We cannot expect him to tell us that, without some admixture of Diabolonians, Mansoul could not exist, and that Mr. Belief, Mr. Hate-bad, and the rest of the jury who tried them, must have been related to them, and have inherited some advantages from a partially Diabolonian ancestry.

But although the *Holy War* may have many faults it is nevertheless wonderful. There is much humour in it. One of the great doers in Mansoul, whom Diabolus addresses as "his darling," was

Captain Anything. He was put in ward at last and reserved for crucifixion. After Emmanuel had subdued the first revolt and Mansoul was in terrible suspense, not knowing what treatment it would receive at the hands of the Prince—"O! how the Busy-bodies that were in the town of Mansoul did now concern themselves! They did run here and there through the streets of the town by companies, crying out as they ran in tumultuous wise, one after one manner and another quite the contrary, to the almost utter distraction of Mansoul." My Lord Will-be-Will when he was mutinous made "one old Prejudice, an angry and ill-conditioned fellow," Captain of the Ward at Eargate, and put under his power sixty men, called Deaf-men, "advantageous for that service, forasmuch as they mattered no words of the captains nor of the soldiers." Emmanuel's captains as they went to Mansoul, crossing over the country happened to light upon three young fellows: proper men they were, and men of courage and skill, "to appearance." Their names

were Mr. Tradition, Mr. Human-wisdom, and Mr. Man's-invention. The captains rather doubted them, but as they professed they had come on purpose to meet their Excellencies they were listed. They were taken prisoners almost immediately, and when they were brought before Diabolus, offered to serve him, for they were soldiers of fortune. He handed them over to Captain Anything. "Nor know I better," he said, "to whose conduct to commit them than to thine." Captain Anything appointed Mr. Tradition and Mr. Human-wisdom to be sergeants and Mr. Man's-invention to be his Ancient-bearer.

There is no such conception even in the *Pilgrim's Progress* as that of the town of Mansoul, with its treasons and its passionate repentance, inhabited by damnable scoundrels, Whoring, Stand-to-lies, and Drunkenness, but also by Godly-fear, my Lord Understanding, Conscience, Self-denial, and for some time, by Emmanuel himself. The best and the worst, as we have seen, are importa-

tions from Heaven and Hell. For Mansoul God and the Devil go to war. The description of the last battle but one is most dramatic. The Diabolonian host, as we remember, had encamped outside the town, and Captain Credence had received the letter from Emmanuel in which he said that upon the third day he would meet him in the field in the plains about Mansoul. Not even Credence knew what this letter meant, and he took it to the Lord High Secretary, who had been fully informed of the policy of the Diabolonian leaders. The Lord High Secretary read it, and assured him that on the third day "yea, by that it is break of day, sunrising, or before," Emmanuel would appear, and that the Diabolonian army, enclosed between his forces in front and Credence's behind, should be destroyed. Credence commanded that all the King's trumpeters should ascend to the battlements of the castle and "make the best music that heart could invent," whereat "Diabolus did start." He had planted himself before Eyegate in terrible array. The hour be-

ing come, before it was light Credence drew out his forces by the sally-port of the town, and fell upon the enemy. After sharp fighting they gave way, but rallied again, and Credence's soldiers began to faint. No Emmanuel had as yet appeared. Credence did not despair, but in a brave speech called for another charge. His men drew themselves together, and attacked fiercely, but it was an hour before they were relieved. Just as they were well-nigh spent, "behold, Emmanuel came; and he came with colours flying, trumpets sounding; and the feet of his men scarce touched the ground, they hasted with that celerity towards the captains that were engaged. Then did Credence wind with his men to the townward, and gave to Diabolus the field: so Emmanuel came upon him on the one side, and the enemy's place was betwixt them both. Then again they fell to it afresh; and now it was but a little while more but Emmanuel and Captain Credence met, still trampling down the slain as they came." Had Bunyan read *Paradise Lost?*

Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shone.

. . . . .

Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head imbodied all in one.

. . . . . Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues; they astonisht, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd;
O'er shields and helms, and helmed heads he rode,
Of Thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate.

Bunyan's theme is that which he has handled in the duel between Christian and Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation and in the conflict with the demons in the Valley of the Shadow—faith even when we are prostrate and the enemy stands over us, resistance to the uttermost, and then—the voice of the silver trumpets and the trampling of the slain. If Bunyan can be summed up, it

is in the note of those trumpets. It is the note which we always hear from the greatest of the sons of men. After the last battle but one was over it was deemed to be particularly important that the dead Doubters should be buried, lest their corpses should infect the air. Not "a skull or a bone, or a piece of a bone was left . . . above ground anywhere near the Corporation . . . and so they cleansed the plains." Bunyan thought that even when the Doubters were killed their "fumes and ill savours" were murderous. In *Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ* we have a minute description of them under the name of unbelief. It is the *white devil,* for it is the sin "that, above all others, hath some show of reason in its attempts." It is the devil who prevents reliance on the promises, who bids the soul to be wise, wary, considerate, well-advised, and to take heed of too rash a venture upon believing"; . . . who counsels you "when you can neither see nor feel, then fear and mistrust, then doubt and question all." . . . who says "*How can these things*

be?" This is the devil who "sees no form, beauty, or comeliness in Christ." No wonder that weapons, armour, colours were dug deep into the earth by the Overseers "and what else soever they could find that did but smell of a Diabolonian Doubter.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON BUNYAN AND ON PURITANISM

LITERARY people have not had much to say about Bunyan, and what little they have said is often contemptuous. Going back to the time of Addison, the *Whig Examiner* (No. 2) "never yet knew an author that had not his admirers. Bunyan and Quarles have passed through several editions and please as many readers as Dryden and Tillotson." This number of the *Examiner* was formerly attributed to Addison himself, but is now supposed not to be his. There is no doubt, however, that it was representative, and that the eighteenth century preferred such a passage as the following, for example, from one of Tillotson's sermons to the description of the Valley of the Shadow. "There is one Supreme Being, the author and cause of all things, whom the most

ancient of the heathen poets commonly called the father of gods and man. And thus Aristotle in his metaphysicks defines God, the eternal and most excellent, or best of all living beings. And this notion of one Supreme Being agrees very well with that exact harmony which appears in the frame and government of the world, in which we see all things conspiring to one end," etc. etc. The sentences slip down like oil; we are not uncomfortably agitated, intellectually or emotionally, and the allusion to Aristotle flatters us. Whether there is an "exact harmony" in the world we do not stop to inquire. Bunyan certainly would not have admitted it.

The great Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, leader of taste, who wrote the Essay on the *Writings and Genius of Shakespeare compared with the Greek and French dramatic poets,* and who, to use her own words, "never invited idiots to her house," the friend of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter and Cowper, a fair sample of the highest breeding, dismisses Bunyan as one of "those classics of the artificers

in leather." [1] Burke says, "The admirer of *Don Belianis* perhaps does not understand the refined language of the *Æneid,* who if it was degraded into the style of *The Pilgrim's Progress* might feel it in all its energy on the same principle which made him an admirer of Don Belianis." [2] Cowper's well-known lines in the *Tirocinium* are little better than patronage and show no real appreciation of Bunyan's genius.

> Ingenious dreamer . . .
>
> . . . . .
>
> I name thee not, lest so despised a name
> Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame.

Coming to the nineteenth century, Dunlop adjudges "the sentiments of Christian" to be "narrow and illiberal, and his struggles and exertions wholly selfish . . . as the author was illiterate, his taste is coarse and inelegant." [3] The *Penny*

[1] Letter to Benjamin Stillingfleet (*Letters of Mrs. Montagu,* iv. 78).

[2] *Sublime and Beautiful,* p. 24, edn. 1798. *Don Belianis,* it will be remembered, was in Don Quixote's library.

[3] Dunlop's *History of Fiction,* ii. 293, edn. 1888.

Cyclopædia "confesses"—that "to us *The Pilgrim's Progress* appears to be a coarse allegory . . . mean, jejune and wearisome." [1]

It is true there were exceptions even in the days of Addison and Mrs. Montagu. Swift had "been better entertained, and more informed, by a few pages in *The Pilgrim's Progress,* than by a long discourse upon the will and intellect, and simple or complex ideas." [2] Boswell records that Dr. Johnson praised Bunyan highly. "His *Pilgrim's Progress* has great merit, both for invention, imagination, and the conduct of the story." [3] Talking about a tragedy somebody had brought him, he said to Mrs. Thrale, "I looked at nothing but the *dramatis personæ* and there was Tigranes and Tiridates or Terebazus or such stuff. A man can but tell what he knows, and I never got any further than the first page. Alas, Madam! how few books are there of which one ever can possibly

[1] Vol. vi., edn. 1836.

[2] *A Letter to a Young Clergyman.* Swift's *Works,* viii. 215, edn. 1883.

[3] *Life,* ii. 238, Birkbeck Hill's edn. 1887.

arrive at the *last* page! Was there ever yet anything written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting *Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe,* and *The Pilgrim's Progress?*" [1]

The first scholar, however, who really studied Bunyan's works was Southey. His *Life* prefixed to his edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a good specimen of his mastery in the art of arranging materials, of his lucid style and of the honesty of his labours. There is not much direct criticism in the *Life,* but the selection of illustrative passages from the *Grace Abounding* shows that Southey had qualities which enabled him, partially at least, to understand it. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn . . . a passion in which the reader so far participates as to be disturbed and distressed by it," is Southey's comment and marks an advance. It is all the more noteworthy because Southey was a High Churchman. It is to Southey also that we owe the acute remark that Bunyan being so imaginative himself does not tax

[1] *Johnsonian Miscellanies,* i. 332, Birkbeck Hill's edn.

the imagination. He *saw* the things of which he was writing. Macaulay in his review of Southey goes beyond him in his praise. "This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought." He also observes with fine perception that "a dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays," and he scoffs at "our refined forefathers" who considered Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's Essay on Poetry to be "compositions infinitely superior to those of the travelling tinker." For Macaulay, "during the latter part of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced the *Paradise Lost*, the other *The Pilgrim's Progress*."

Although Swift, Johnson, Southey and Macaulay admired Bunyan, the educated classes did not apprehend his real meaning and neglected him until Mr. Froude wrote his Essay on him in *English Men of Letters*. Mr. Froude, although he is inaccurate, may claim to have been the first person who saw clearly the eternal element in Bunyan, and that he does not belong to a sect but to the world. It was Mr. Froude also who pointed out that Puritanism, even in the apparently narrow form in which it appears in Bunyan, is an intense expression of Catholic doctrine and that its roots are deep in the nature of man. At one point Bunyan's biographer and critic is inconsistent. He tells us that Puritanism in the seventeenth century was "admitted, not only by the intellect, but accepted and realized by the imagination," and that "every step in Christian's journey had been first trodden by Bunyan himself; every pang of fear and shame, every spasm of despair, every breath of hope and consolation, which is there described, is but a reflection as on a

mirror from personal experience," and yet he seems to deny that Puritanism was really vital when *The Pilgrim's Progress* was written. "To represent Christ as the eternal Son in heaven, to bring before us the Persons of the Trinity consulting, planning and reasoning . . . will be possible only when Christianity ceases to be regarded as a history of true facts. . . . *The Pilgrim's Progress* was composed exactly at the time when it was possible for such a book to come into being: the close of the period when the Puritan formula was a real belief, and was about to change from a living principle into an intellectual opinion. So long as a religion is fully alive, men do not talk about it or make allegories about it." To which we may reply that if Dante, Milton and Bunyan did not believe their religion it would be difficult to find anybody who did believe. It does not disprove the reality of Bunyan's temptation that he represented it as a struggle with a fishy-scaled monster. The articles of his creed required a concrete expression. Religion is dead when the

imagination deserts it. When it is alive abstractions become visible and walk about on the roads. It certainly is difficult for us to understand how Bunyan, looking up to the stars on a clear night, could be sure that behind them certain transactions had gone on and were going on which he describes in Emmanuel's speech to Diabolus, and yet he was actually as sure as he was of the earth he trod. He was not the less sure because he was afflicted with doubt. Christian doubted even to the last and was hard put to it just before he "found ground under the gates of heaven." *The Pilgrim's Progress* so far from arguing decay has created vitality. The relief from the Burden at the sight of the Cross, the defeat of the Enemy in the Valley of Humiliation, the passage through the Valley of the Shadow and across the River have strengthened the faith of millions when the precepts and dogmas would have been of little use.

It is a test of religion that genius is not only able to live with it but is necessarily transformed by it. Dante owes so much to Christianity that

we cannot distinguish the contribution from original endowment. It gave him the Cross on which "Christ was flashing" for which he could find "no meet similitude" and the melody, "Arise and conquer." To Christianity Bunyan owes, amongst other inestimable treasures, Christ as his great High Priest and Helper. "It is true, temptations and infirmities, strictly considered, are none of our nature, no more are they of His; but yet, if it be proper to say temptations and afflictions have a nature, His and ours were naturally the same; and that in all points too; for so says the text, 'He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.' Are we tempted to distrust God? so was He: are we tempted to murder ourselves? so was He: are we tempted with the bewitching vanities of this world? so was He. So that herein we also were alike; yea, from His cradle to His cross He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs, a man of affliction throughout the whole course of His life." [1] So profound

[1] *The Saint's Privilege and Profit.*

in fact was the influence of Christianity on Bunyan that without it he is not conceivable. The effect of religion in those for whom it is alive is the same as it was for him. It increases the value of the whole man; it deepens love, it exalts the stature, and adds force to every faculty. When it ceases to make us wiser and more passionate, when it does not confer greatness, it is a mere accretion.

Mr. Froude does not, it need hardly be said, follow "the fashion to dwell on the disadvantages of Bunyan's education, and to regret the carelessness of nature which brought into existence a man of genius in a tinker's hut at Elstow," although even he cannot refrain from qualifying his admiration a little by a hint that Bunyan does not belong to the best society. He is the "poet-apostle of the English middle-classes imperfectly educated like himself." Bunyan had to work with his own hands for his bread, but his humble origin and occupation are not the real reason why superior people, although they are

willing to grant that he has genius, have nevertheless decided that he is tainted with vulgarity, something worse almost than a crime to English respectability. Other great writers have been born low down and have known neither Greek nor Latin, but they are not condemned as vulgar. The real reason for the charge is that Bunyan was a Nonconformist. The inseparable association of nonconformity with vulgarity, and of gentility with the church is a curious characteristic of the English "imperfectly educated" people, but cannot be discussed here. It is not true, however, that Bunyan was not well educated, nor was he a Dissenter in the sense that he cared much about Dissent. He knew how to write his mother tongue with purity and force. This is an accomplishment which even a university does not always impart. Properly speaking he has no style, that is to say nothing comes between us and the thing which was in his mind; the glass is not coloured. Although he was not technically a poet his prose is distinguished by a quality of the best

poetry. The word which goes straight to the mark is used, evidently without any search for it. We never find in him any of those dead phrases which the best authors nowadays cannot avoid, so tyrannical is the power of cheap and easy literature. To attempt to imitate Bunyan would be foolish, but we may learn from him to speak simply and not mechanically. As already noticed at the beginning of this essay, he wrote such wonderful English mainly because he read little in comparison with his Bible. Another and greater advantage derived from the narrowness of his studies was that he did not scatter and waste himself. It gave him character, and armed him at every point in every encounter. The Bible supplied him with those sure maxims, *certa vitæ dogmata,* which Spinoza advises us to commit to memory, and "constantly to apply to the particular cases which frequently meet us in life." This is the art of living, the only education of much account. Saint Francis of Assisi directs his disciples that their aim in their studies is to be not that

they may know what to say, but that they may act. "Qu'ils n'étudient pas, pour apprendre ce qu'on doit dire, mais pour pratiquer les premiers ce qu'ils auront appris." [1] We read, even the best of us nowadays, in order that we may gain ideas, that we may "cultivate the mind." We do not read that we may strengthen the will or become more temperate, courageous or generous. The intellect undoubtedly has its claims, but notions have become idols. It is easier to get notions than to practise self-denial.

Bunyan, we say, is not a Dissenter in the sense that he is much taken up with dissenting. He is an Assenter, or Assertor. Religion is the vital air he breathes, and religion is affirmative. He is the poet of Puritanism, but also of something greater, that is to say, of a certain class of experiences, incident not especially to the theologian, artist, or philosopher, but to our common nature. He was enabled to become their poet because, al-

[1] Le Monnier. *Histoire de Saint François d'Assisi*, Tome ii, edn. 1890, p. 79.

though he was shaken to the centre by them, he could by Grace abounding detach himself from them and survey them. This is his greatest service to us. He takes us by the hand and whispers to us, *Is it thus and thus with thee?* and then he tells us he has gone through it all and by God's mercy has survived.

What is the meaning of Puritanism? Mr. Matthew Arnold affirms that "our Puritan churches came into existence for the very sake of predestinarian and solifidian dogmas," and that "the Puritans are, and always have been, deficient in the specially Christian sort of righteousness." More amazing still, Paul's righteousness before his conversion "was, after all, in its main features, Puritan," and Puritan theology "could have proceeded from no one but the born Anglo-Saxon man of business, British or American." [1]

[1] *St. Paul and Protestantism*, pp. xv., xvii., 57, 81, edn. 1870. There is not perhaps anywhere to be found such a failure to discern the meaning of history as that of Mr. Arnold in dealing with Puritanism and Protestantism generally. It is

It is needless to dwell upon the folly of this wild talk. We have seen what was the theological form of Puritanism, and that it was not due, as Mr. Arnold supposes, to mere speculation. Heaven, hell and the Atonement were the results of the conception that there is a generic, eternal and profoundly important distinction between right and wrong. It is because right is so right that there is a heaven and it is because wrong is so wrong that there is a hell. God Himself became man to conquer sin. "All this ado is," says the *Saint's Privilege and Profit,* "that men might be saved from sin! What a devil then is sin! it is the worst of devils; it is worse than all devils; those that are devils, sin hath made them so." Puritanism strove more earnestly than any other religion to reform men and to save them from sin. This is remarkable, seeing that predestination was so firmly held. Why should we bestir ourselves if it be true that we cannot alter

to his *Culture and Anarchy* that we owe the celebrated inclusion of the whole of Luther in the phrase *a Philistine of genius.*

what is ordained? And yet Bunyan was never for a moment held back in his efforts to turn the wicked from their evil ways by his theory that God had judged them from eternity. He knew, although not explicitly, that we must accept both the reasoning and the impulse to interfere and must not trouble ourselves with their apparent contradiction. Even in the opening articles of the Puritan creed as we find them in the *Doctrine of Law and Grace Unfolded,* those which Mr. Arnold would consider entirely constructive and artificial, we discover something which is not vacant system without interest. They are based upon the idea of a Just God, and how was it that men were compelled to think that God must punish the transgressor? God is easily conceived as Strength, but Justice must have been assigned to Him because of its own authority and by no induction from external facts. Surely, if we look at it closely, this, so far from being " British or American business," is celestial miracle.

Puritanism insisted on our responsibility to

God. When we lie, we break, not a human convention, but a divine ordinance imposed on us. Puritanism becomes a religion more particularly in this idea of responsibility. The first meaning of *religio* in the dictionary is *fear of God.* The Puritan feared God as the Judge of the transgressor. The dread, natural to man of force superior to him was transformed into the dread of disobedience to a moral lawgiver, and the rules of life were held to be copies of the pattern on the sacred Mount. They were invested with awe, and to restore that awe is now the problem for us. Kant, in a passage often quoted but only in part from the *Critique of Practical Reason*, and therefore not seldom misunderstood, says, "Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe, the oftener and the more steadily we reflect on them: *the starry heavens above and the moral law within.* I have not to search for them and conjecture them as though they were veiled in darkness or were in the transcendent region beyond my horizon; I see them

before me and connect them directly with the consciousness of my existence. The former begins from the place I occupy in the external world of sense, and enlarges my connexion therein to an unbounded extent with worlds upon worlds and systems of systems, and moreover into limitless times of their periodic motion, its beginning and continuance. The second begins from my invisible self, my personality, and exhibits me in a world which has true infinity, but which is traceable only by the understanding, and with which I discern that I am not in a merely contingent, but in a universal and necessary connexion, as I am also thereby with all those visible worlds. The former view of a countless multitude of worlds annihilates as it were my importance as an *animal creature*, which, after it has been for a short time provided with vital power, one knows not how, must again give back the matter of which it was formed to the planet it inhabits (a mere speck in the universe). The second, on the contrary, infinitely elevates my worth as an *intelligence* by my person-

ality, in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent on animality and even on the whole sensible world, at least so far as may be inferred from the destination assigned to my existence by this law, a destination not restricted to conditions and limits of this life, but reaching into the infinite." [1] Kant has regained that reverence which the Puritan felt for something supernatural. It is the necessary connexion of the infinite with ourselves that fills him with "admiration and awe." Bunyan goes beyond Kant and lays an additional and even deeper foundation stone for righteousness. A man departs from iniquity because "faith apprehendeth the truth of the being and greatness of God and so it aweth the spirit of a man. It apprehendeth the love of this God in Christ, and so it conquereth and overcometh the spirit of a man. It apprehendeth the sweetness and blessedness of the nature of the Godhead, and hence persuadeth the soul to desire here commun-

[1] Kant's *Critique of Practical Reason*. Translated by Thomas Kingsmill Abbott, B.D., p. 260.

ion with Him, that it may be holy, and the enjoyment of Him when this world is ended that it may be happy in and by Him for ever." [1] "To see Jesus Christ, then, to see Him as He is, to see Him as He is in glory is a sight that is worth going from relations, and out of the body, and through the jaws of death to see." [2]

It is of course indisputable that insistence on the difference between right and wrong and on the doctrine of responsibility is simple Christianity common to all the churches, but Puritanism dwelt on these truths. Reformations do not create; they do but re-establish that which is nearly effaced. Puritanism accomplished its task with as much success as is usually granted to any great inspiration. Whatever sweetness there may be in England at the present moment is largely due to it. Adulterers, drunkards and liars came to the top in the reign of Charles the Second, and the mob was what the mob has always been, but

[1] *A Holy Life the Beauty of Christianity.*

[2] *The Desire of the Righteous Granted.*

the soul of Puritanism survived, happily for all of us.

Cant is a telling accusation against Puritanism. Cant differs in degree. The question is, not whether we cant, but how much. There may be a soul of honesty in our belief, although a thick husk of cant envelops it. If the blood did not reach to the extremity of the Puritan's creed, it went a long way. He, no doubt, was guilty of cant. It follows all great movements, religious or secular, and their apostles become tainted with it. They are obliged to go on, to define and organize: they unfurl a flag, enlist disciples, phrases are caught up, and cant begins. Cant! the charge is not one which the twentieth century should prefer. Is there no cant when we gabble the Litany at such a rate that the words are not divided and the curate is half a sentence ahead of his congregation? Is not society a mass of cant? Do not the people cant who "entertain" and are "entertained" and repeat as their own thought the leading article of a newspaper? Strange that

we should be sunk in cant, and that nevertheless we should profess such repulsion from it in Puritanism. A characteristic form of modern, respectable cant, worse perhaps than the hypocrisy of Tartuffe or Chadband, is our excuse when we flinch from the fact. Everywhere, in science, morals and religion, new fact is thrusting itself upon us. We know it is there, we see it, but we soothe ourselves by conjecturing that our eyes may be deceived; we hurry past, we say it was not there, idiotic cowards that we are, and we leave it to rise and avenge itself upon us with severity increased by each moment of neglect. It does not so much matter whether we have correct opinions, but it does very much matter that what we believe to be correct should be acknowledged. One of the countless evils which follow if we do not acknowledge it is that we become mock-earnest about things of no consequence. As far as Bunyan knew he spoke, and his emphasis was in the right place.

Although the Puritan's religion was a religion of right doing and not an idle intellectual exercise,

he thought it was of the greatest importance that we should have true notions about the being of God. During the last two hundred years the interest in subjects such as this has practically disappeared, and men may have contrary beliefs with regard to them or no beliefs and yet not be separated. If our neighbour is not guilty of one or two disreputable sins, we shake hands with him and ask no further questions. In fact we pride ourselves on our indifference as a precious result of enlightenment. The Puritan thought, on the contrary, that life is controlled by our relationship to that which is beyond this lower world, and though he may have been wrong in details he was right in principle. Society is at this moment kept together by habits which were formed by ideas.

One last word. Puritanism has done noble service, but we have seen enough of it even in Bunyan to show that it is not an entirely accurate version of God's message to man. It is the most distinct, energetic and salutary movement in our

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history, and no other religion has surpassed it in preaching the truths by which men and nations must exist. Nevertheless we need Shakespeare as well as Bunyan, and oscillate between the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *As you like it*. We cannot bring ourselves into a unity. The time is yet to come when we shall live by a faith which is a harmony of all our faculties. A glimpse was caught of such a gospel nineteen centuries ago in Galilee, but it has vanished.

LDAmd

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John Bunyan

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